'THAT'S THE WAY WE BUILD 'EM' IN BRITAIN'S SHIPYARDS

"You can take it from me that this ship is a good job of work," said a veteran of the shipyard, when one of Britain's new light cruisers slid down the slipways at her launching. Many other fine ships—not only cruisers, but battleships, destroyers, submarines, and the rest—have been added to the Royal Navy of late months, so that more than ever it is now the most powerful fleet in the world.

Photo, P.N.A.

Britain Can Win—and Britain Will!

A balance-sheet of victory—this in effect is what E. Royston Pike has written below. Gloomy and threatening as was the prospect which opened upon us following France's collapse, there are (as will be seen) the most solid grounds for confidence in the eventual triumph of our Cause.

Up to a few weeks ago perhaps the majority of thinking Americans, while they still hoped that Britain would win, yet in their heart of hearts thought her chances were pretty poor. While France was still erect and fighting the Allies had at least a fifty-fifty chance of winning; but when following the defeat of Poland, the seizure of Denmark, the collapse of the campaign in Norway, the overrunning of Holland and Belgium—when to this succession of hammer-blows there was added France's military downfall, then Britain's wellwishers in America thought that Britain's cause was as good as lost (there may have been some in Britain who thought so, too).

When the Battle of Britain opened they feared the worst. How could the little island in the mists of the North Sea maintain itself against a whole continent in arms? Every morning when they opened their newspapers they expected to read that Hitler's invasion fleets had sailed and that his Luftwaffe, operating now from aerodromes in France, was asserting its supremacy over the R.A.F. But day after day passed and Hitler's ships sailed no farther than the river mouths, while hundreds and thousands of his warplanes crashed in flaming ruin in the Channel—which the Royal Navy saw to it was still the English Channel—and in the green fields of southern England. August passed into September, September into October; and as week was added to week those thinking Americans—we need not concern ourselves with the unthinking ones—began to hope, where before they had only feared. Then came the Battle of London, and with never a dissenting voice all America rose up and cheered. Almost overnight opinion across the Atlantic underwent a complete change. Men no longer just hoped against hope that Britain would stand up against the enemy assault. They now firmly believed that she would continue to do so. Hitler himself may not know it, but America knows, as we know, that he has lost the Battle of London.

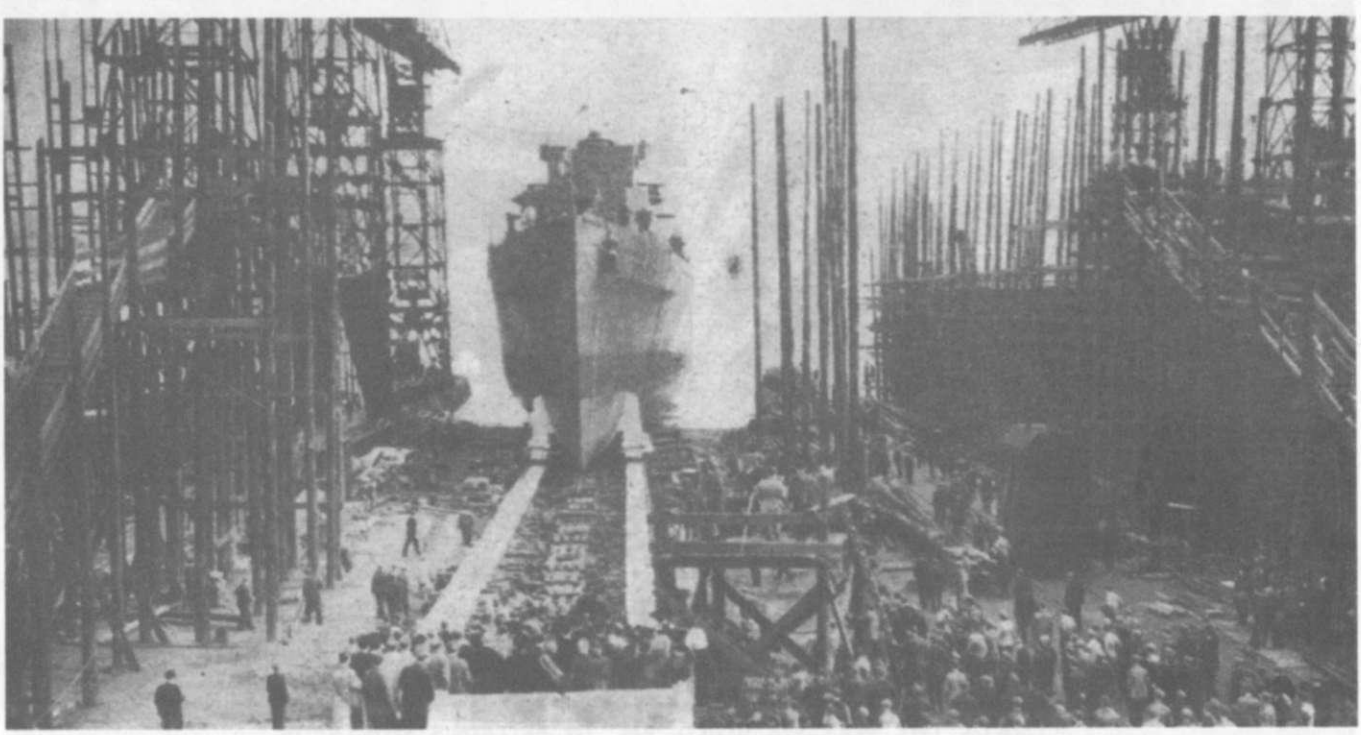
Britain will survive—that the Americans admit. But can she win? That, they say, is a different matter. Britain, they point out, has only 45 million souls, while Hitler has boasted in one of his more grandiloquent passages of the 200 millions he and Mussolini can draw upon. Hitler's figures are wrong as always, but it is a fact that in the Reich he controls some 70 million people, and as likely as not has under arms at this very moment four or five millions of trained soldiers. Against such a host how can Britain, gallant little Britain, prevail?

Here, perhaps, we may remind ourselves that modern wars are not won necessarily by the country with the biggest battalions; in the scales of battle, quantity is often outweighed by quality—the millions of cannon-fodder are no match for the hundreds of thousands who are equipped with all the latest instruments of death-dealing machinery.

Moreover, we must not forget—and Hitler and his Nazis we may be sure will never dare to let themselves forget—that in the continent they have overrun with such surprising ease there are millions of disgruntled folk—millions of unhappy people who, though their armies have been defeated in the field and they themselves bludgeoned into submission, are yet far from being reconciled with their state of virtual slavery. In all the countries which the Nazis have conquered there are millions, we may be sure, who are anxiously longing for the day of retribution; in Poland, in particular, there is a whole people—perhaps the best haters in Europe—who are sharpening the knives of revenge.

And in the Reich itself there are many—perhaps a third or a half of the whole—who in the days when they were permitted to express their preference never put a cross against the name of a Nazi candidate. For the time being, no doubt, they find it advisable to go with the stream, to "Heil Hitler" with the rest of them; being Germans, they no doubt take a pride in the striking victories achieved by German arms during the last year. But when the long-promised collapse of Britain does not come, when the war which should have finished last summer shows every sign of extending into next spring, when the R.A.F.'s visits to Berlin become more frequent and more prolonged, and when the Rhineland and the Ruhr become as devastated as Hamburg—then we may expect that the voices of criticism which at present are muffled by fear or stifled by success will make themselves heard in the Nazi Reich.

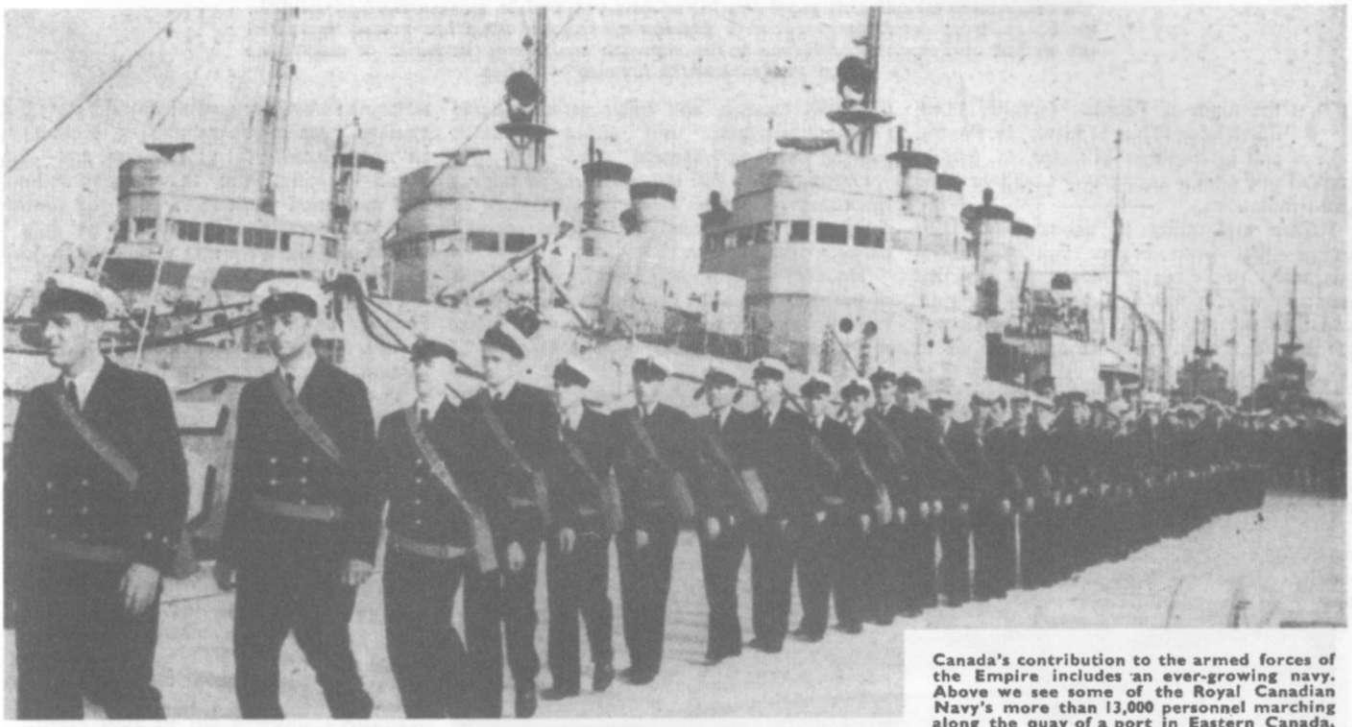
Then there is that mistake into which even many Britons so frequently fall—the mistake of identifying Britain with a couple of fair-sized islands, plus some 5,000 smaller ones, off the north-western coast of Europe. Britain is not just the British Isles; it is the British Isles and also the King's Dominions beyond the Seas. The British Empire—the Commonwealth is the better word—covers



Naturally enough, no details have been published of the new ships added to the Royal Navy since the war began, but this photograph shows one of the many launches. A fine cruiser has just taken the water in a British yard, after Mrs. Dorling, wife of Rear-Admiral J. W. S. Dorling, Assistant-Controller of the Navy, has in traditional fashion broken a bottle of champagne across her bows and given her a name which, though at present undisclosed, may one day be as famous as "Ajax" or "Achilles."

Photo, Keystone

These Facts and Figures Spell Victory



Canada's contribution to the armed forces of the Empire includes an ever-growing navy. Above we see some of the Royal Canadian Navy's more than 13,000 personnel marching along the quay of a port in Eastern Canada, where they took possession of some of the U.S.A. destroyers recently transferred to Britain.

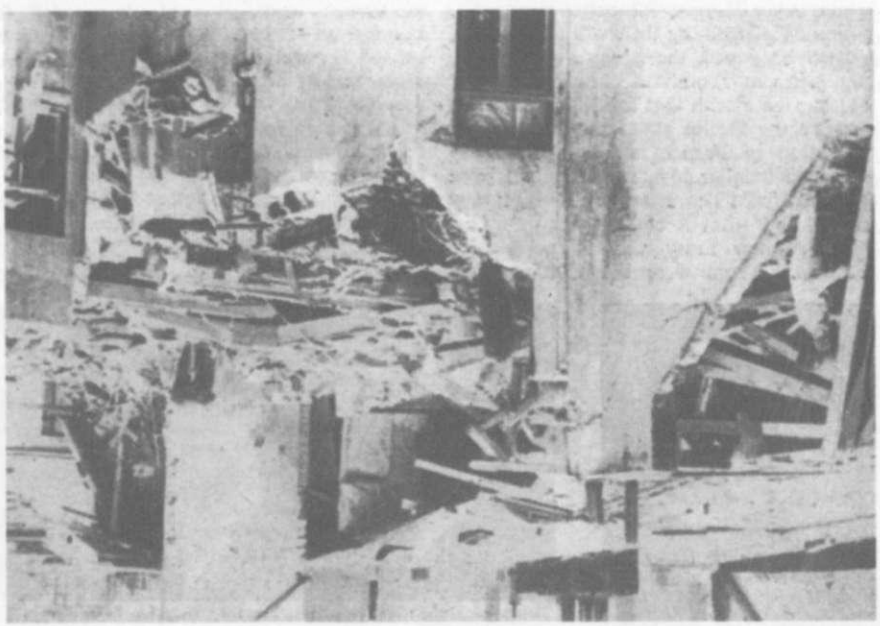
a quarter of the land surface of the globe, and beneath the Union Jack one out of four of the world's teeming millions live out their lives. When Hitler boasts of his 200 millions, we of Britain may rejoin with our 500 millions.

Then in the matter of armed forces Germany has not any great preponderance—even now, when the Commonwealth is only just getting into the stride of war. In the British Isles today we know that there are more than 2,000,000 men standing to arms; Canada has raised over 200,000 men, Australia 230,000, New Zealand 150,000, and the Union of South Africa 100,000. Even before the war the Indian Army numbered nearly 350,000 men, and, though considerable contingents have been sent overseas, we know that the army in the Peninsula has not been diminished. So we might go on enumerating the warriors which the members of the imperial family of nations have put into the field or are now raising. But let us conclude our statistics with a mention of the Royal Navy, which today, as for 300 years past, is the supreme bulwark of our race and power. In 1939, with a personnel not far short of 150,000, it was the strongest in the world; it is far stronger today in men, and still more in ships. We must not forget, too, the mercantile marine of Britain and the British Dominions, which amounted to nearly 21,000,000 tons before hostilities began, and today, in spite of everything that the Nazis have been able to do, it is even larger. Germany's mercantile marine, on the other hand, is altogether immobilized, if not actually sunk or captured.

Coming now to natural resources, we hardly need the reminder that the British Empire is abundantly rich in all the raw materials which are also war materials. In some of them, indeed, she has almost a monopoly; the world's supply of nickel, for instance, is drawn almost entirely from Canada. Even in the matter of oil she is in an excellent position, for she can draw her supplies from all the great oil-producing countries of the world, even though most of the oil wells are being operated under other flags.

Many another item could be included in this already encouraging balance-sheet: there is the contribution made to the common cause by our allies—for instance, by the Dutch East Indies, where there is a well-trained army of some 40,000 men, and the Belgian Congo, by the French colonies in Central Africa, and by the ships of Denmark and Norway (whose mercantile marine ranks as the third largest in the world), of Holland and Belgium. And there is also, of course, the immense aid which is being rendered by the U.S.A., now aware at last that Britain is holding the first line of America's defences.

Strong in all the things that make for victory, then, is the British Commonwealth, and strongest of all in the belief that nerves its armies and inspires its workers—that the fight in which we are engaged is one not only for our survival and the Commonwealth's, but for the preservation and continued life of all those values which, evolved through all the centuries of recorded history, serve to distinguish us from the brutes that perish.



Once Germany's greatest port, Hamburg has been heavily bombed many times by the Royal Air Force, and this photograph must have been carefully chosen by the German Propaganda Department to show that the damage done is of no military importance. The fact is that docks, quays, and equipment are practically non-existent.

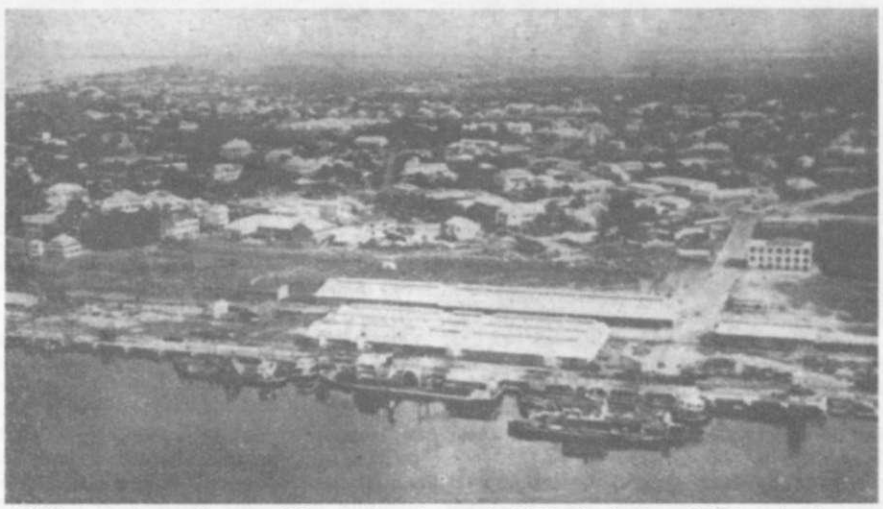
Photos, Associated Press

There is a Free Belgian Government in London Now

The sensational escape of Belgium's Prime Minister, M. Pierlot, and the Foreign Minister, M. Spaak, from detention in Spain to London on October 22nd has greatly increased the weight of Belgium's influence in the common struggle of the Allies to restore the independence of the invaded countries.

ON the night of Tuesday, October 22nd, the Belgian Prime Minister, M. Pierlot, and his Foreign Minister, M. Spaak, arrived in London after many weeks of trials and tribulations.

Before attempting to assess what their escape—first from France and then from Spain—to this country means for the free Belgian forces gallantly fighting by our side, and also the importance to our own cause of these ministers now being here, let us recapitulate what happened to Belgium after the surrender of King Leopold on May 27.



Belgium, so tiny on the map of Europe, has a large colonial Empire in Central Africa—the Congo State of some 900,000 square miles with a population of nearly 11 millions. Above is the capital, Leopoldville, which is situated on Stanley Pool, some 300 miles from the mouth of the Congo.

Photo, Dorien Leigh

On that same day the Belgian Prime Minister, M. Pierlot, announced that his Cabinet had met in Paris and that, "having examined the situation and envisaged all possible developments, the Government were unanimous in affirming their will to continue, whatever happened, the struggle at the side of the Allies until common victory was won."

During the month that followed Leopold's surrender the Pierlot government continued to function in France as the only legally constituted Belgian government. First from Paris, then from Tours, Bordeaux and finally Vichy, it did what it could to carry on its work. A new army was in process of formation. There were the Colonies, the merchant marine, and other assets outside Germany's reach. But within a month France, too, had collapsed.

On June 18th the Belgian Cabinet met at Bordeaux to decide on a future course of action, but no agreement could be reached between the ministers.

Three of them wished to transfer the seat of the government to London and to fight on from Britain. These were M. Gutt, Minister of Finance, M. de Vleeschauwer, Minister of Colonies, and M. Jaspar, Minister of Public Health. The Premier, M. Pierlot, on the other hand, supported by M. Spaak, the Foreign Minister, and General Denis, the War Minister, were in favour of remaining in France and of following the French Cabinet to Vichy, whereupon M. Jaspar left for London on his own, while subsequently—by official Cabinet decision—MM. Gutt and de Vleeschauwer were sent to London, "thus providing," as M. de Vleeschauwer put it, "a tangible proof of the will of Belgium to continue the common struggle and to ensure the legal management of our country's vital interests. We are therefore continuing the struggle in the name of Belgium in a constitutional and legal manner."

From London these two able and energetic statesmen have for several months now been operating the merchant marine, building up an army, looking after refugees, and—chief of all—administering the Belgian colonies and mandated territories. But the position remained somewhat anomalous as long as the head of the government and the majority of ministers were still in Vichy.

Finally, under German pressure, the French withdrew recognition from the various allied governments and broke off diplomatic relations with them.

MM. Pierlot and Spaak tried to make their way to Spain, but spent five days at Perpignan before they were admitted to that country. Permission to travel through Spain was suddenly cancelled, and they had to stay three nights in a meadow between the French and the Spanish border. It was obvious that the Germans were exerting their influence over the Spanish authorities to prevent the Belgian Premier and his Foreign Minister from eventually travelling to Great Britain. When the two Belgians at long last were allowed to enter Spain, they were detained for some weeks in a hotel and finally on October 3rd they were arrested. Friendly representations made on their behalf by British and American diplomatic channels proved of no avail. But eventually they were, so to speak, snatched away under the Germans' very noses and safely brought to Britain by aeroplane.

This dramatic *dénouement* is important for many reasons. In the first instance, it is a good smack in the eye for the Germans and it shows that after all the Gestapo is neither omnipotent nor omnipresent in Spain. Secondly, the arrival of these leading ministers in London at long last clarifies the otherwise somewhat involved Belgian position. It strengthens our gallant allies immeasurably, for now the forces of free and loyal Belgium are represented by a small but vigorous Cabinet that includes the four key men of the national administration.

With such men in charge, the 25,000 Belgians now in Britain and the 13 million whites and natives living in the Belgian Congo or in the mandated territory of Ruanda-Urundi, can look forward to competent and vigorous administration, while we can rely on the maximum effort in both the military and the economic sphere of a loyal and courageous ally.

Left to right: M. Hubert Pierlot, Belgian Prime Minister since 1939, who arrived in London on October 22; M. Henri Jaspar, Minister of Health; M. Albert de Vleeschauwer, Minister for the Colonies; Baron Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian Ambassador to Britain; M. Paul Henri Spaak, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Planet News, G.P.U., Dorien Leigh.

'Too Right' Is 'Ajax's' Word For It!

While the Italian army of invasion was halted not far within the frontier of Egypt, Mussolini's navy, too, showed no signs of any great eagerness to give battle. Here we describe the action of October 12, when three Italian destoyers fell victims to H.M.S. "Ajax," of River Plate fame.

WHEN he stepped ashore at Alexandria on October 16, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean, had to tell of another most successful sweep of that sea which Mussolini would have his Italians believe is their private property. The British Fleet, the largest sent out into the Mediterranean since the war began, was seven days at sea, and its voyaging extended for some 3,000 miles in the eastern and central Mediterranean.

Unlike many of its predecessors, this sweep was marked by a brush with enemy forces. When about 80 miles south-east of Sicily at 2.30 on the morning of October 12, H.M.S. "Ajax"—one of the immortal trio of the Battle of the Plate—under the command of Captain E. D. B. McCarthy, R.N., made contact with three Italian destroyers. True to her reputation, "Ajax" at once engaged, and two of the Italian destroyers were sunk outright, while the third made off at top speed. This was hardly surprising, of course, for the "Ajax" is a cruiser of 6,985 tons, while the Italian destroyers were of the 679-ton "Airone" class.

Continuing her patrol "Ajax" sighted another enemy force, composed of one heavy cruiser and four destroyers. Again she engaged instantly, and succeeded in crippling one of the enemy destroyers, when the fall of darkness enabled the remainder of the enemy ships to escape.

Believing that "Ajax" was in touch with considerable enemy forces, H.M.S. "York" (Captain R. H. Portal, R.N.) came up in support, but no further contact was made with the enemy that night, although the pursuit went on. At dawn, however, with the assistance of aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm the damaged enemy destoyer was located in tow of another Italian destroyer which had gallantly come to her assistance.

On "Ajax's" arrival the towing destroyer slipped the tow and made off at fast speed towards Sicily, throwing out a smoke-screen as she sped. It was then ascertained that the damaged destoyer was the 620-ton "Artigliere," one of the latest class of large Italian destroyers. (She was completed in 1937, mounts four 4·7-inch guns, six smaller A.A. guns, and eight torpedo-tubes, and was designed for a speed of 39 knots.) Soon H.M.S. "York" was on the scene, and the "Artigliere's" crew at once began to abandon ship. "The crew were told to abandon ship immediately," said an eye-witness who was on the bridge of H.M.S. "Sydney" throughout the action, "and floats were thrown overboard for them. Then the 'York' fired a torpedo which hit the destroyer plumb in the magazine. The explosion was indescribable. A column of smoke shot 700 feet into the air, and the warship simply disappeared. One second it was lying on the surface, and the next it just was not there. Only a vast mushroom of smoke remained."

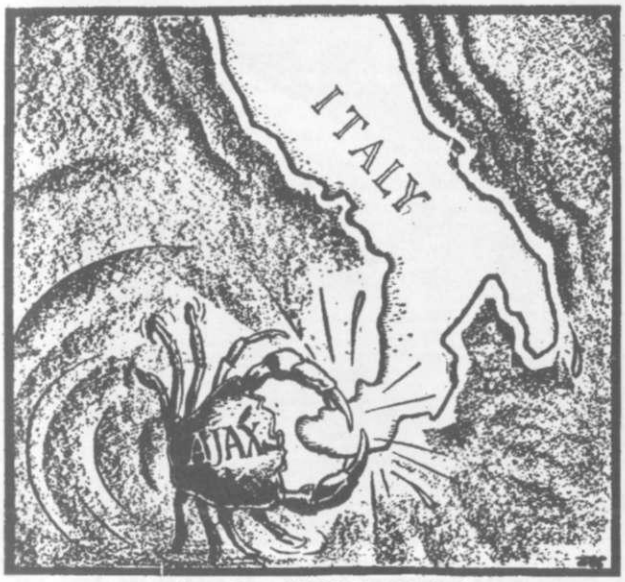
A wireless message was broadcast on the commercial wavelength of Italian stations giving the position of the survivors, and one of the British flying-boats was also successful in making wireless contact with an Italian hospital ship and led her to where the survivors from the destroyer were crowded in their boats and rafts, with the result that she was able to pick up a number of survivors. These messages were sent out in spite of the fact that the signals might give away the position of the British forces, and as Sicily was at no great distance an attack by Italian aircraft was to be expected at any moment. Indeed, "after breakfast," said the eye-witness we have already quoted, "we heard an Italian 'plane was shadowing us. Within a few minutes swift fighters had slipped off from an aircraft-carrier and almost immediately came the report 'Shadower shot down.' During lunchtime 12 enemy bombers came over in three formations at a great height. Every high-angle gun in the Fleet went into action, and peppered the sky with white snowballs of smoke. The sea spouted up as the raiders unloaded their bombs. Other formations of bombers tried again later, but none pushed the attacks home. That evening we had great fun listening to the Italian radio, which claimed that we had lost a cruiser and 12 'planes and had an aircraft-carrier damaged. We sent a signal to the 'Ajax': 'Good work, Bonzer!' and Captain McCarthy, who has spent two years on the Australian station, flashed back: 'Too right!'"

In the action "Ajax" lost 13 killed and 22 wounded, and suffered only superficial damage which in no way impaired her fighting efficiency (though the Germans, with characteristic effrontery, announced that she had been sunk!); "York" suffered neither damage nor casualties.

The remainder of the sweep was quite uneventful save for an attack by torpedo-carrying aircraft on the 9,400-ton cruiser "Liverpool," which was slightly damaged.

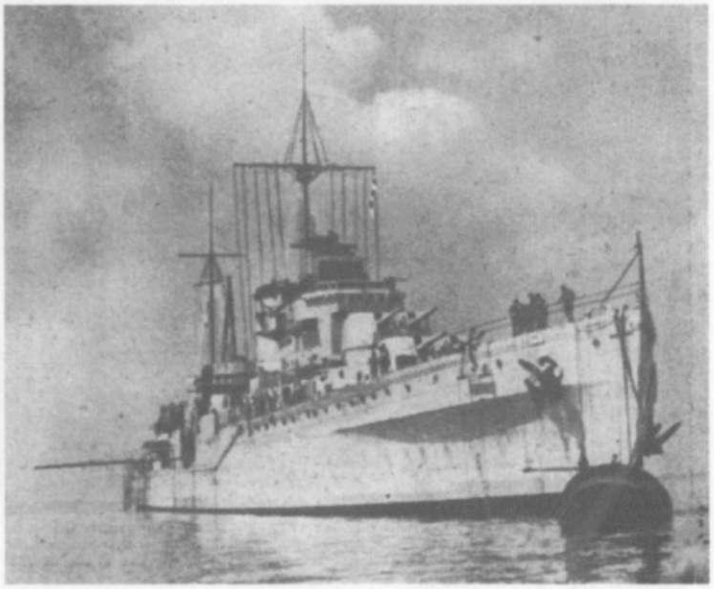
Captain E. D. B. McCarthy, victor of the Mediterranean action of October 12, was appointed to command H.M.S. "Ajax." Sir Henry Harwood's flagship at the battle of the Plate, seen below, when she had been repaired and was recommissioned.

Photos, Sport & General and G.P.U.



Keep Out of OUR Sea, Benito!

From the cartoon by Zec, courtesy of the "Daily Mirror"



The Burma Road is Open to Traffic Again

On July 18 Mr. Churchill announced that it had been decided to close the Burma Road to military traffic ; on October 8 he announced that it was to be reopened in ten days' time. How the road was built and why it is so important to China and to the world at large are told in the article that follows.

TRULY the Burma Road has a claim to be included amongst the wonders of the modern world—that Road which, running from Lashio in north-east Burma to Kunming, capital of the Chinese province of Yunnan, is now China's principal, indeed almost her only, outlet on to the wider world.

The Road was begun in October 1937 and was opened to traffic in December of the following year. For 726 miles it runs across some of the most difficult country in the world ; it is a miracle of engineering, and it may be doubted whether any other race but the Chinese could have built it, for its construction required enormous patience, dogged toil, and almost illimitable resources in manpower. Two hundred engineers were in charge of the job, and they had at their disposal 160,000 workers—Chinese coolies and their womenfolk, even their children. For fourteen months this great army of humble folk laboured where it was impossible to employ the machinery which Western engineers are accustomed to use. They were equipped for the most part with nothing more than those primitive hoes with which for thousands of years the Chinese have tilled their fields ; the rollers were of stone and drawn by oxen ; millions of tons of "dirt" were carted away in baskets borne on the backs of wiry women and slender girls. Here they cut into the side of a mountain or carted away a hill, basket-load by basket-load ; there they filled up a valley in the same slow but relentless fashion. Great girders were lugged by human muscle for hundreds of miles until the swaying and flimsy rope bridges across the gorges were replaced by bridges of steel. In the road's length there are nearly 300 bridges, and not far short of 2,000 culverts had to be constructed to carry away the mountain waters. For fourteen months they toiled on the mountain roof of Asia in a country of gorge and precipice, through mighty forests where leopards and tigers roam.

The Burma Road begins at Lashio at the terminus of the railway from Rangoon and Mandalay ; from there it crosses the frontier into China, passes through Hsiakwan and thence on to Kunming. Here it connects with the main road leading to Chungking, capital of Free China. *Courtesy of "The Times"*

At last their task was finished ; the Road, eight to twelve feet wide on the average, stretched its weary length across the mountains some 8,000 feet high, over two of Asia's greatest rivers, the Salween and Mekong, which, rising in the mountain plateau of Tibet, rush south with tempestuous force on their way, the one to the Bay of Bengal and the other to the South China Sea. The gradients are terrific ; the bends innumerable and hair-raising ; in many places there is a sheer drop of 2,000 feet from the road to the valley floor. The journey from Lashio to Kunming, where the Road joins the highway to Chungking, Free China's wartime capital, may be accomplished in six or seven days at the speed of 12 miles per hour which the lorries are able to average. Before the Road was closed to military traffic in July a hundred or so lorries a day passed along it, the principal loads on the up journey being petrol, cotton yarn, and other merchandise for Chiang Kai-shek's army, while on their return the lorries were laden with silk and tea, hides, tin, and tungsten.

When the Road was closed the traffic dwindled until only some ten or twenty lorries a day were passing along it. The closing must have been a heavy blow to Chiang Kai-shek, for the Road, since the occupation of the Chinese coast by the Japanese and more recently their establishment in Indo-China, is now China's life-line. The only alternative to it is the old Silk Road, immensely long and difficult, followed by the

The very spirit of ancient China breathes through this photograph taken in Hsiakwan, a town placed high up in the mountains of Yunnan. Through the archway passes the Burma Road on its way from Lashio in Burma to Kunming, capital of the Province of Yunnan. As soon as the Road was reopened on October 18 streams of lorries passed beneath the arch, conveying vital war stores to the hard-pressed army of Free China, whose headquarters are at Chungking. *Photo, Gerald Samson*

Across the Mountains Runs China's Life-line

caravans from time immemorial, leading from Sianfu into Sinkiang and Soviet Turkestan. It is true that the Road was closed during the rainy season, when the traffic in any case would have diminished; but the many critics of the closing maintain that it was unjust as well as impolitic to deprive Chiang Kai-shek of any part of his petrol supplies while the Japanese aggressor was still permitted to receive unlimited supplies of petrol from America and the Dutch East Indies, scrap iron from America, and wool from Australia.

But in July, when it was decided to close the Road, France had just collapsed and Britain was expecting an invasion almost from hour to hour; in these circumstances it is understandable that the British Government should have decided upon making a friendly gesture to Japan in the hope that, as Mr. Churchill himself phrased it, the time so gained might lead to a solution just and equitable to both China and Japan.

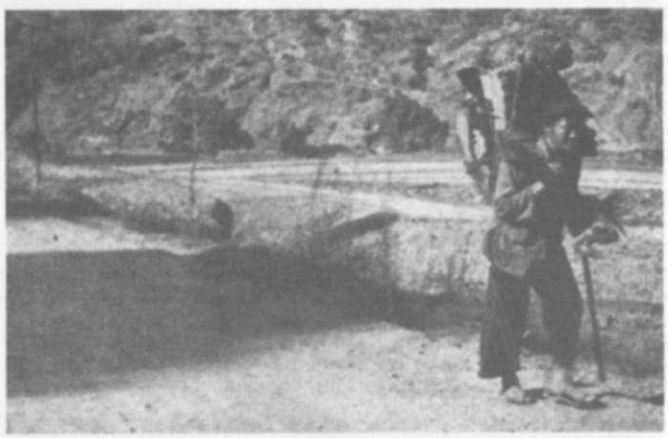
The gesture failed, as so many other gestures of appeasement have failed in these last few years; and before the three months had elapsed the situation had radically changed for Britain. No longer did she fear invasion; even if it came she was ready for it. So when Japan made that gratuitous act of hostility, the Berlin Pact with Germany and Italy, Britain at once retaliated with a declaration that on Oct. 18 the Burma Road would be reopened to traffic of all kinds.

In anticipation of the reopening large numbers of lorries, fully laden with munitions and petrol, were gathered in Northern Burma, and as soon as October 18 dawned they were rushed across the frontier into China. At Lashio, where the railway from Rangoon and Mandalay ends and the Road begins, there was a tremendous congestion of munitions and other essential commodities destined for China; every warehouse was crammed to capacity, and great quantities of materials were stacked in fields around the town.

Before long, it was stated, some 20,000 tons of goods would be conveyed along the Road monthly.

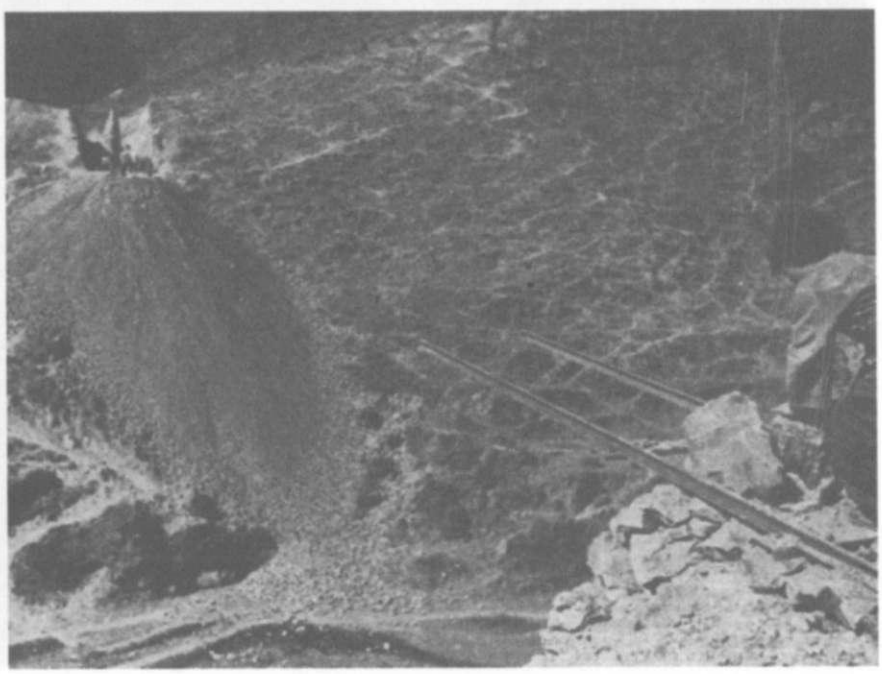
In Tokyo it was professed that the opening of the Road would not make any appreciable difference to the course of the war in China, and there were many boasts that it would soon be put out of action by Japanese bombers operating from the aerodromes lately secured in Indo-China. Four days before the date fixed for the reopening Kunming, the Chinese terminus of the Road, was heavily bombed, and following the actual opening, raids were many and heavy. But the Chinese had taken every precaution possible and the Road "carried on."

In Free China the notice of the Road's reopening was received with intense relief, even joy. For years China has borne the brunt of aggression in the Far East, for years her fields have been trampled over by the invader, her people have been slaughtered in battle and exposed in their close-packed cities to the cruellest bombing—to which more often than not they have been unable to make reply. Now at long last they are given an indication that their struggle has not gone unnoticed—that those countries which are fighting Totalitarianism in the West are prepared to give some tangible assistance to the standard-bearers of liberty in the Orient.



Vast difficulties confronted the Chinese engineers in the construction of the Burma Road; all the more credit, then, to them for their massive achievement. At the top of the page we see gangs of Chinese labourers cutting an entrance to a tunnel; and the bottom photograph shows more of these indomitable toilers filling a gap in the mountains with "dirt" brought in hand-pushed barrows; in the middle picture a Chinese wayfarer, barefoot and carrying a heavy load, trudges along the Road.

Photos, Gerald Samson



Was September 16 Hitler's Invasion Day?

It may have been a rehearsal or it may have been the real thing ; whichever it was, Hitler's invasion fleet—if report speaks true—actually set out on September 16, only to be driven back in completest rout. Here we tell the story so far as it is at present made known

WHAT happened on September 16? Nothing less, it now seems probable, than an attempted invasion of England. In a bulletin issued by the Air Ministry on October 18, it was announced, quite parenthetically as it were, following an account of the continued hammer-blows of the R.A.F. on Germany's war machine, that " there is evidence, too, of the value of the R.A.F.'s determined attacks on the invasion ports. One report states that on September 16 many German troops were embarked, but were later taken off the ships. The invasion plans were not adopted because of the sustained offensive of the R.A.F."

That night the harvest moon, the brightest moon of the year, shone full. The sea was calm and the time of high tide propitious. Altogether it was an ideal night for an invasion. But the invasion plans failed because of the long sustained and devastating onslaught made by Sir Charles Portal's bombers on the shipping and barge concentrations assembled at the Channel ports.

Only the day before, it will be recalled, on Sunday, September 15, the R.A.F. had brought down 185 enemy aircraft in the course of the largest daylight mass attacks hitherto made by the Germans on this country. Those raids, there is little reason to doubt, were intended as the prelude to an invasion on a large scale—an invasion which should bring Britain to her knees and the war to a speedy conclusion.

At the time there were many stories in circulation concerning the supposed invasion attempt, and the English newspapers were full of accounts of smashing blows delivered at Hitler's barges assembled in the invasion bases ; on that same Sunday night the R.A.F. bombers left their mark on Hamburg and Wilhelmshaven, on Antwerp, Flushing and Ostend, on Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, and Le Havre.

A few days later some of the American papers were far more communicative. They did not hint at an invasion attempt ; rather they stated in the most definite terms that the armada of invasion had actually sailed. Thus the " New York Sun " stated that the barges—" very light, of wood and metal, and obviously intended solely for a one-way trip "—each contained 200 Germans with full equipment. " Evidently the Germans had counted on their airmen being able to silence the land batteries before these were able to annihilate the invaders, who were helpless because they did not carry artillery. . . . They sank under a withering fire as soon as they appeared. Meanwhile, detachments of the British Fleet appeared to the rear cutting off the barges from France."

The carnage was reported to have been terrific ; neutral observers stated that the number of killed, wounded, and drowned were to be counted in tens of thousands. All available hospital accommodation in and around the Channel ports had to be commandeered for the German wounded, and one report quoted a French doctor who said he had seen several thousand severely burned German soldiers in hospitals in occupied France ; they had been, said the doctor, on board transports and barges preparing for the invasion of England when they were caught by British oil bombs, and the flaming oil on the surface of the water burned the troops as they leapt into the sea.

Many stories were current, too, in the south of England concerning large numbers of dead Germans who, so it was said, had been washed ashore in several places. There were tales of closed lorries going to and from the beach at one point, of mysterious ambulances moving through the night ; nor was there any doubt that some dead Germans had actually been washed up, but it was officially stated that these were Nazi airmen whose 'planes had been shot down into the sea. Perhaps more to the point were the many stories published in American papers of large numbers of German dead being washed ashore in the neighbourhood of the invasion ports, particularly on the beaches near Le Havre, Calais, and Boulogne.

By way of explanation of these American reports and English rumours, responsible quarters in London expressed the opinion that a considerable proportion of the German divisions detailed for the invasion of England had actually embarked, when the fleet of flat-bottomed barges was caught by the bombers of the R.A.F., whose bombardment was so effective that the enemy fleet was obliged to put to sea, and lay a short distance from the French coast. Then rising winds compelled the vessels to return to their ports ; and the French people who had seen their departure and witnessed their return, concluded that the invasion had been attempted and had been driven back. Yet another explanation was that the R.A.F. bombers had caught the invasion fleet during a rehearsal.

But whatever happened on September 16, during that night and day in which the weather conditions, at least, were ideal for the implementing of Hitler's invasion boast, by nightfall the chance had been lost. A thick fog came down on the Straits of Dover blanketing the choppy sea and reducing visibility to a few hundred yards ; the full moon was obscured by dark raincloud ; and a south-westerly gale howled through the night. It was a fitting end to the day which Hitler had chosen to be " Der Tag."

" Ready to invade Britain. Even minesweepers are useful as troop transports ; the joyful departure "—this is the caption supplied to this picture just received in London. How many of these men died on Sept. 16? *Photo, E.N.A.*

Once Again the Luftwaffe Changes Its Tactics

Continuing our review of Hitler's air offensive against this country, we have to note a change of tactics on the part of the Nazis, who found that the price demanded of their mass-bombers was too great. But no change could blunt the weapons of the R.A.F.

About the middle of October the German Air Force made further changes in its methods. No longer were its bombers squandered in vain attempts to wreak a terrible revenge on London and provincial cities; instead, the Luftwaffe turned more and more to the use of the fast fighter-bombers which might have a better chance to elude our Hurricanes and Spitfires, but which could do far less damage when they did penetrate our defences here and there.

Another even more striking change was the virtual abandonment of precision bombing at comparatively low altitudes. The enemy bombers and fighter-bombers, in their daylight attacks, flew at 20,000 feet or even higher—a testimony to the accuracy of our A.A. gunfire and to the dauntless spirit of our fighter pilots. And by night also the raiders flew so high as to make anything like accurate aim impossible. These changes certainly diminished the German aircraft losses and at times brought the British and enemy losses to something like parity, but the essential fact is that the scale of the raids had to be reduced very considerably and mass attacks abandoned for the time. Thus those heavy bombing attacks—to which Hitler and Goering had pinned their faith as the instrument of Britain's demoralization and conquest—had indubitably failed, both in the assault on our aerodromes, aircraft factories and munition works, and in the destruction of our cities. And when Goering sent over hordes of fighters, in order to decimate our R.A.F., it was his own force that suffered.

It is now known that the raid on London on Tuesday morning (October 15) was on a rather large scale. Flying at 10,000 feet, three waves of German aircraft crossed the South-east coast about 9 o'clock and flew towards London. There was an interval of a few minutes between each wave, and the first was dispersed by our A.A. guns and driven back by fighters. Other enemy aircraft were turned back near Grays, in Essex, after flying up the Estuary. A few raiders got as far as London and dropped bombs as people were on their way to work. A hospital being repaired after a previous raid was again hit, some of the workers having hair-breadth escapes. Firemen who were dealing with an outbreak caused by Monday night's raids were gunned by Nazis. In all, 18 enemy aircraft were destroyed on Tuesday, 17 of them during daylight raids.

Something of a mass raid was made by the enemy on Tuesday night by groups of fighter-bombers and heavier machines. Oil bombs and H.E. were dropped in pairs in some places. In spite of the heavy nature of the attack on London and the suburbs the damage was less than on some earlier occasions. A hospital and a church suffered. A school in use as a shelter was hit by two bombs, and other public shelters were wrecked. Two enemy bombers were shot down, and in one case the machine (a Heinkel 111) blew up as it struck the ground. There was a heavy attack on the Midlands also. A German communiqué claimed that over 1,000 aircraft had taken part in the night raid on London, and that they had dropped 1,000 tons of bombs. It also spoke of the bombers' "remarkable precision"!

There was very little enemy activity by day on Wednesday. Bombs were reported to have been dropped only at two places—a coast town in Scotland and one point in the West Country. At night the raiders dived down below the clouds to drop bombs and immediately regained shelter above. Four German bombers were shot down, one at Bishop's Stortford—the second in that locality during twenty-four hours; others crashed at Denbigh, Frome, and near Harwich. At Liverpool a bomb fell on a surface shelter and killed a number of people. Dwelling-houses were demolished, but few industrial buildings were hit. There were some fires. Two hospitals in South-east England were damaged, and bombs fell in many other districts of Britain.

A few bombs were dropped on London by daylight raiders during Thursday, October 17. Generally the enemy aircraft flew very high. Attacks were made in the Kent area, and several bombs fell near Canterbury Cathedral, damaging the deanery. In the London area a three-storey building collapsed after being hit, falling against a shelter which, luckily, was empty. But in the wrecked building there were a number of casualties. The night raids were less extensive, and there were several lulls. The "raiders passed" was sounded much earlier than usual.

Friday (October 18) saw little activity by day, and only a small number of single aircraft came over. In the evening a museum in a London district was wrecked when four H.E. bombs fell; a pedestrian was killed near by. Houses and a warden's post also were damaged, several wardens being injured and other persons killed. In another suburb a school, shops and houses were wrecked.

"Now, now, never mind. I won't let them hurt you!" From her wardens' post in a small Kentish village Mrs. Mary Couchman, just as bombs began to fall, saw some children playing in the street. They were frightened by the scream and the thud of the bombs, and she, gathering them in her arms, did her best to soothe them and shelter them with her own body.

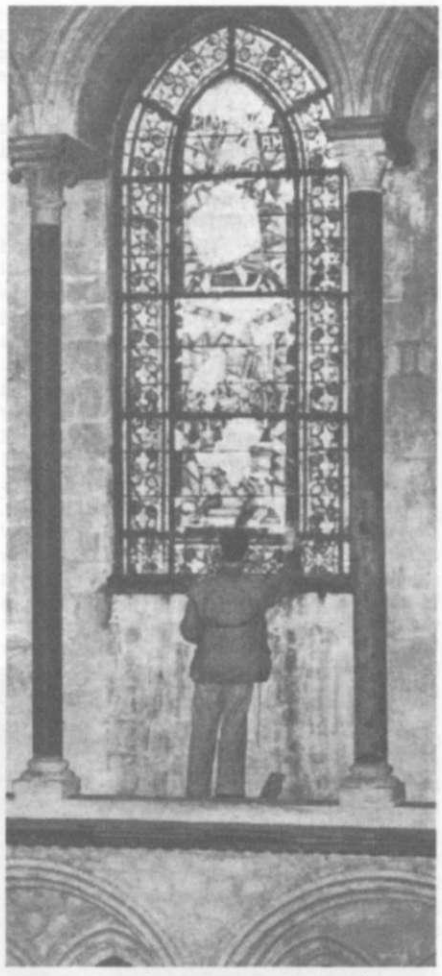
Photo exclusive to The War Illustrated

London Is Still the Nazis' Favourite Target

London's first "alert" on Saturday sounded in the afternoon, when an enemy bomber formation came inland towards the capital. No bombs were reported to have been dropped. Raids were made also on a town in the Midlands and on a coastal town in the South-east. Single enemy aircraft in each case were engaged, little damage being done and no casualties resulting. Big attacks were made at night on London, towns in the Midlands, and others in the North-east of England. Against London the air offensive continued until early morning. A hospital was hit and the medical school of another was set on fire. Shelters were demolished and a crowded café was wrecked. Many high explosive and fire bombs fell in London suburbs.

There were four daytime "alerts" in London on Sunday, and pitched battles were going on high up in the sky during a great part of the day. The enemy concentrated his efforts on the South-east of England. Seven raiders were brought down, one crashing in a street at Woolwich. A few bombs were dropped in London, two falling at a place where many people were taking their morning "constitutional." A public-house was destroyed and the licensee buried under the wreckage. Outside a hall where service was about to be held—the ancient parish church had been damaged in a recent raid—fifteen bombs were dropped. But the hall was able to be used later for evensong.

Four bombers were brought down during Sunday night's raid on Britain: one crashed in Wiltshire, the crew of four descending by parachute and giving themselves up at various farmhouses. Of another, which fell between Harwich and Ipswich, the crew disappeared for a time. A piece of a Dornier gun-turret from a third raider was found near Barnet on the outskirts of London. A fourth bomber is thought to have come down in the Channel off the Isle of Wight. London and the Midlands were the chief objectives of the enemy. In the Metropolis a hospital, an institution for the blind, and a church were bombed; in another district a bomb fell at each end of one street. Surface shelters in various districts were hit; a bomb struck a large public shelter with a glancing blow and blocked the entrance, but only three people were injured out of the 1,000 present, and those only slightly. The Midlands attacks lasted longer and were severe. Six bombs fell on a hospital.



Thousands of small panes of glass in Canterbury Cathedral were broken when a bomb was dropped nearby. An expert is at work removing pieces from a damaged window. The centuries-old stained glass had already been removed to safety. *Photo, Fox*

The family above, bombed from their home, has salved a little furniture—the aspidistra and its pot being among the very few pieces undamaged. Circle is Mr. J. P. Hewett, of Hewell Street, Cardiff, known to his neighbours as "our man," and a typical self-sacrificing war worker. He served in the last war from 1914 to 1918 and now, at 50 years of age, works in a Government factory all day and is in a First Aid Post at night, while he also rouses the deaf people who cannot hear the sirens. *Photos, Planet News and Keystone*

GERMAN & BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

German to April 30, 1940

Total announced and estimated—West Front, North Sea, Britain, Scandinavia 350

	German	British
May	1,990	258
June	276	177
July	245	115
Aug.	1,110	310
Sept.	1,114	311
Oct. 1-21	151	81
Totals, May to Oct. 21	4,886	1,252

Daily Results

Oct.	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved	Oct.	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved
1	5	3	—	12	11	10	8
2	10	1	—	13	2	2	2
3	2	—	—	14	—	—	—
4	3	1	—	15	18	15	9
5	23	9	7	16	6	—	—
6	2	—	—	17	4	3	—
7	27	16	10	18	—	1	—
8	8	2	—	19	2	—	—
9	4	1	1	20	7	3	3
10	5	5	2	21	4	—	—
11	8	9	6	Totals	151	81	48

None of the figures include aircraft bombed on the ground or so damaged as to be unlikely to reach home.

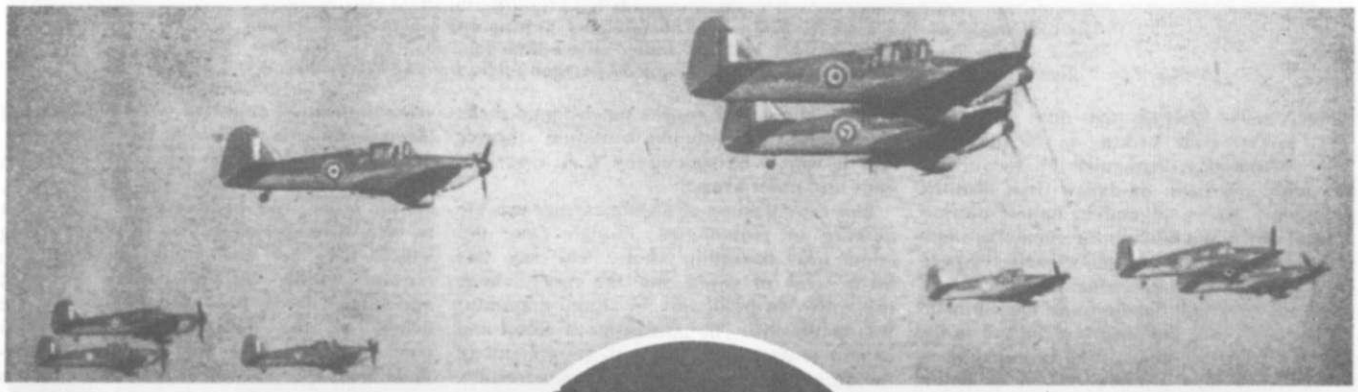
Civilian Casualties. Intensive air attacks on Britain began on Aug. 8. Casualties during August 1,075 killed, 1,261 seriously injured. During September: 6,954 killed; 10,615 seriously injured.

Mass Raid Casualties in London. Sept. 7: 306 killed; 1,337 injured. Sept. 8: 286 killed; about 1,400 injured. Sept. 9: about 400 killed, 1,400 injured.

Almost all day on Monday, October 21, there was evidence of raiding aircraft over London, but cloudy sky for most of the time hid them from sight. Intermittent gunfire was heard, and occasionally the sound of engines. Six bombs were dropped in one London district during the second "alert"; four did little harm, but the rest fell on a row of small cottages and wrecked two. Two bombers flew low to make sure of this piece of terrorism. Three more bombs, dropped during the afternoon, smashed houses and damaged a water main.

Throughout Monday night, in spite of very misty conditions, there were persistent enemy attacks on London. The Merseyside area also came in for heavy bombing and Liverpool had its 200th raid of the war. Over London enemy aircraft flew continually, though the attack eased off after a while. A hospital and a maternity home were bombed, but there were no casualties, though a good deal of material damage was done. Elsewhere in the London area heavy H.E. bombs wrecked many houses. The Merseyside barrage kept the raiders flying high in that region and baffled their aim, but here again it was mainly houses that suffered. There were strong attacks on North-east coastal towns and on others in the Midlands.

In the 'Eagle' Squadron They Are Americans All



Here nine of the fastest Fighter Training machines, supplied to the Eagle Squadron for training purposes, are flying in splendid formation across the sky.

THE "Eagle" Squadron is the first R.A.F. squadron to be composed exclusively of American volunteer pilots. It has taken its place as an operational unit of the Fighter Command, and comprises thirty-four pilots. Colonel Charles Sweeny is the Squadron's Hon. Commanding Officer, and it was he who was primarily responsible for organizing this fine force. Squadron-Leader W. E. G. Taylor, its Commanding Officer, resigned from the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve at the outbreak of war so that he could obtain a commission in the Fleet Air Arm.

The Eagle Badge (circle) consists of a spread eagle surmounted by "E.S.," and is worn on the left arm. Col. Charles Sweeny (right), Hon. C.O.

Photos, P.N.A., British Official: Crown Copyright; "Daily Mirror"

Squadron-Leader W. E. G. Taylor (centre left) gives instructions to three Pilot Officers. Above, a group of American pilots en route to their machines, preparatory to a flight.

How Our Guns Drive Away the Raiders

Though the great barrage around London brought them into the limelight, our gunners had been doing sterling work for long months beforehand, putting into practice the maxims learnt during the days when most of them were "spare-time soldiers," for in the first instance our anti-aircraft batteries were manned by citizen soldiers of the Territorials.

THE terrific barrage that first met Nazi raiders over Britain on the night of Wednesday, September 11, was one of two main measures to defeat these stealthy terrorists; others, to enable fighter aircraft to hunt down and destroy the enemy by night as by day, were the subject of active experiment and considerable achievement. Night bombing, to which the Germans were unwilling converts, is a confession of failure in the enemy's principal object—the subjugation of Britain—and was resorted to on a major scale only after mass raids by day had failed ignominiously. So far Britain's best defences have been the black-out and the barrage.

The name "box barrage" gives a very good impression of the curtain of fire with

An enormously important factor in Britain's anti-aircraft defences are the searchlight units who work in conjunction with fighting aircraft and anti-aircraft guns. Here is seen a Lewis gun crew at a searchlight station in the London area. They are ever ready to repel low-flying attacks by the enemy. *Photo, Central Press*

which the raiders are confronted and "boxed up," as it were. On the approach of an enemy aircraft the gunners are ready, and when the Nazi machine enters their area it is enclosed by a rectangle of bursting shells from our 3-in., 3·7-in. and (most deadly of all) 4·5-in. guns, to avoid which it must go higher or come down lower, or turn away from its path to the designed objective. In other words, only in flight can the raider find safety—and not always then. It is not surprising that many caught by the box barrage have jettisoned their bombs and scurried away. If the Nazi comes down lower it meets a concentrated fire from the Bofors 40-mm. gun, which squirts out 2-pound shells at the rate of twenty-five a minute. Lower still it would be tackled by A.A. machine-guns and other arms.

One novel feature of the big barrage was the absence of searchlights, though these did come into operation later. The sky was fairly clear of cloud and the moon shone brilliantly, so prediction by sound apparatus was employed. The apparatus is secret and cannot be described, but a short account of the ordinary sound locator will be interesting. Mounted on a truck is an arrangement of four gigantic "ear-trumpets," three in a row vertically and another on a line at right angles, opposite the centre one of the vertical three. Two are "elevation" trumpets, while the others are for obtaining the "bearing" of the aeroplane. The elevation listener manipulates his trumpets until he hears the sound with equal strength in both his earphones; the bearing listener does the same, and so a sighting instrument on the sound locator is made to point in the direction of the aircraft. Linked up with the locator is a searchlight projector; when the listening operators are satisfied that they have "got" the raider a signal is sent to the projector and the latter's beam is switched on; it should then be right on to the target.

In order to lessen the fatigue of the listeners an electrical device can be used which gives a visual indication on a dial when the sound of the aeroplanes is received at its loudest.

In the next stage there come into operation a height-and-range-finder and the predictor. At the latter, two operators keep the target in view through telescopes, in manipulating which they set calculating machinery in motion within the predictor. A third operator "feeds in" the figures for the height of the aircraft—this information reaching him from the height-and-range-finder near by. The fourth and fifth operators are in charge of two dials, which they must "balance," on which appear the results of the other operators' manipulations.

Finally, all this is translated mechanically into movements of pointers over dials at the gun itself, by which the gunlayer aims his piece. As the approaching aircraft alters speed or direction the proper dial reading is communicated electrically to the gunlayer seated inside the steel shield of his 4·5. The important feature of the predictor is that it tells the gunlayer the probable *future* course of his quarry, and enables him to fire his shell to the point in the sky at which it should contact the raider.

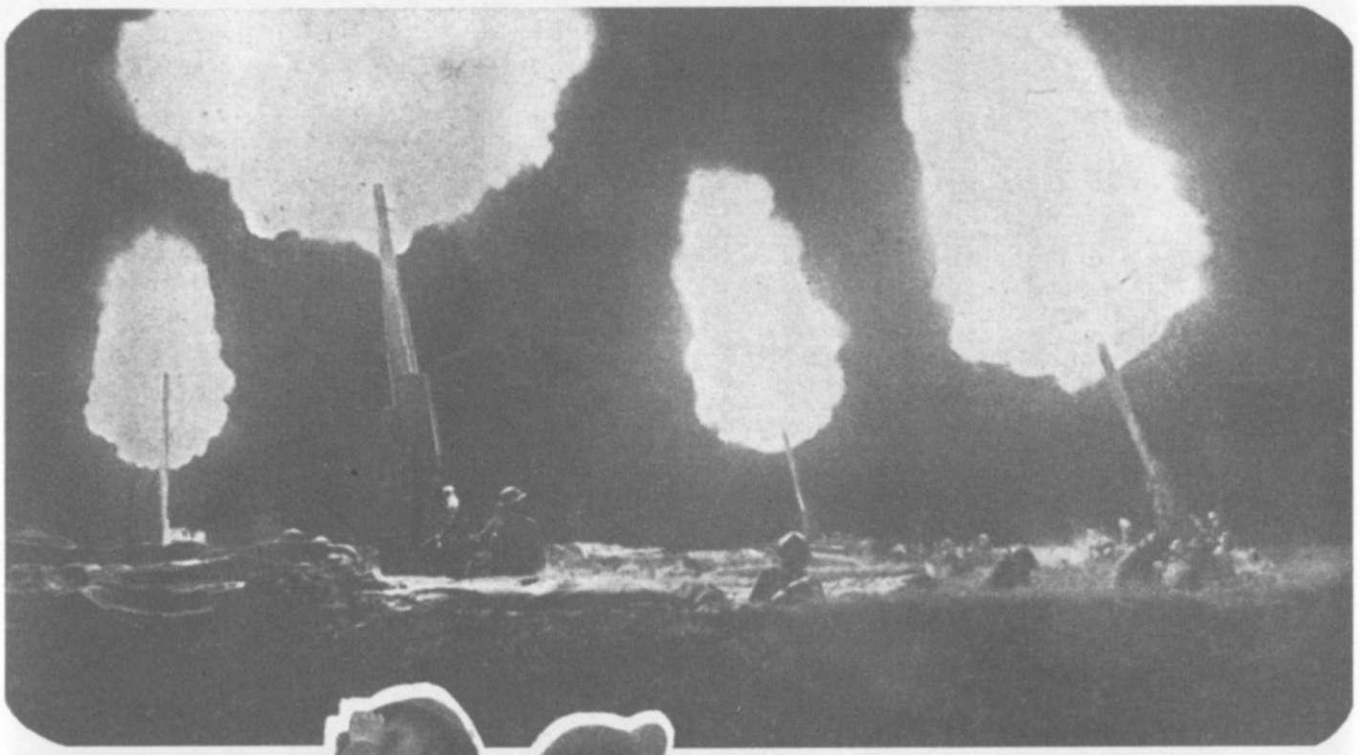
'Shepherding' the Raiders

Needless to say, these precise and powerful weapons must be properly organized and coordinated, in accordance with a carefully planned scheme. The various defence areas are quartered out, each having its defenders. In this three-dimensional warfare the very air above must be divided into different zones at suitable altitudes, and each region guarded by guns of appropriate range. Not only are the raiders shot at, hampered and harassed, they are also "shepherded," one might almost say—made to follow certain lanes in the air until they are brought up sharply against a barrier of exploding steel, in regions where the bombs they let fall can do the least harm. Because the night raiders may appear to pass overhead with impunity it must not be imagined that our defences are nodding; there is probably a deep-laid scheme for their discomfiture selected by our gunners.

Some British A.A. Guns Which Foil the Raiders

Type	Shell fired	Ceiling, ft.	Rate of fire (per min.)
40-mm. British version of the Swedish "Bofors" gun, used against low-flying aircraft. Shells loaded in "clips"	2 lb.	—	25
3-in. A.A. Type used in the war of 1914-18 and since improved. Mobile or fixed mounting	12 lb.	23,000	15
3·7-in. A.A. One of our principal weapons. Has a long barrel and is built as a fixed or a mobile gun	28 lb.	40,000	10
4·5-in. A.A. Our latest and best. With its steel armour shield enclosing the mechanism and protecting the gunners, it weighs 16 tons. Range like that of the 3·7-in. weapon, but fires a heavier shell which "gets there" more quickly	55 lb.	40,000	8

They Make the Noise at Night We Like to Hear!



The photographer who took these striking pictures spent a week at work with a section of London's anti-aircraft defences in order that he might photograph the guns of the barrage actually in action against the enemy.

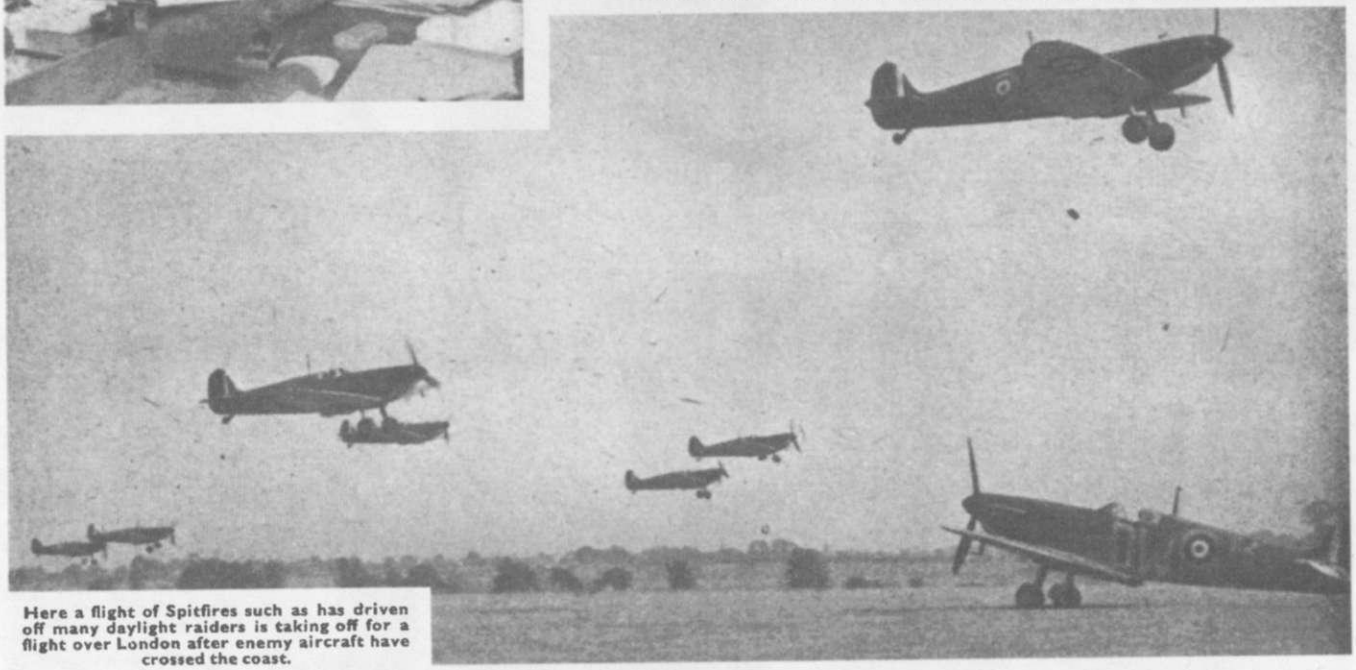
This formidable gun forms part of an anti-aircraft battery in England. The battery has contributed very materially to the successes which A.A. guns have recently scored against Nazi raiders, for the knowledge of those who man it will be passed on to others, inasmuch as it is an officer-producing unit. Succes ful A.A. gunfire depends on the less spectacular work of the Gun Position Officer, seen at work (centre) with the predictor.

Photos, Central Press and Topical

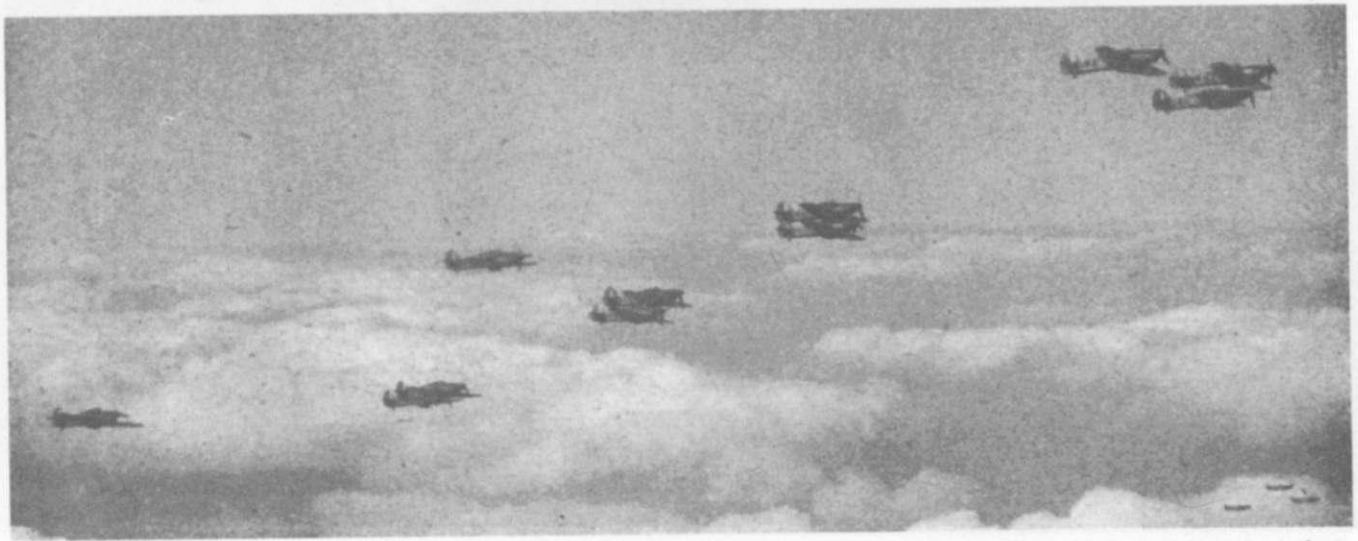
'Never in the Field of Human Conflict Was So Much Owed by

Some of the Few to Whom We Many owe so Much

Behind the work of the fighter 'planes is a ground staff which directs all aerial activity. Left, the Adjutant and his assistants at a fighter squadron station are planning operations. Above, the order "Take the Air" has been given, and the pilots who have been driven to the aerodrome in lorries leap out to go to their machines.



Here a flight of Spitfires such as has driven off many daylight raiders is taking off for a flight over London after enemy aircraft have crossed the coast.



The work of defending Britain against enemy raiders is shared by the Spitfires with the Hurricanes, and for both types of 'planes Nazi airmen have a wholesome respect. These Hurricanes are flying in formation above the cloud layers after enemy aircraft have been reported near the London area in order to meet them before they begin their favourite manoeuvres of "cloud dodging" and unloading their bombs indiscriminately.

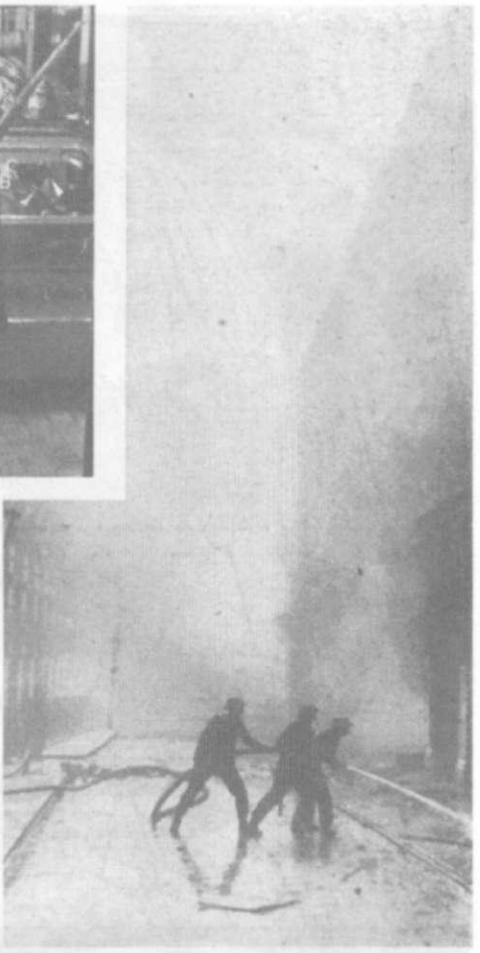
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Sport & General

Through the Night with London's Fire Fighters

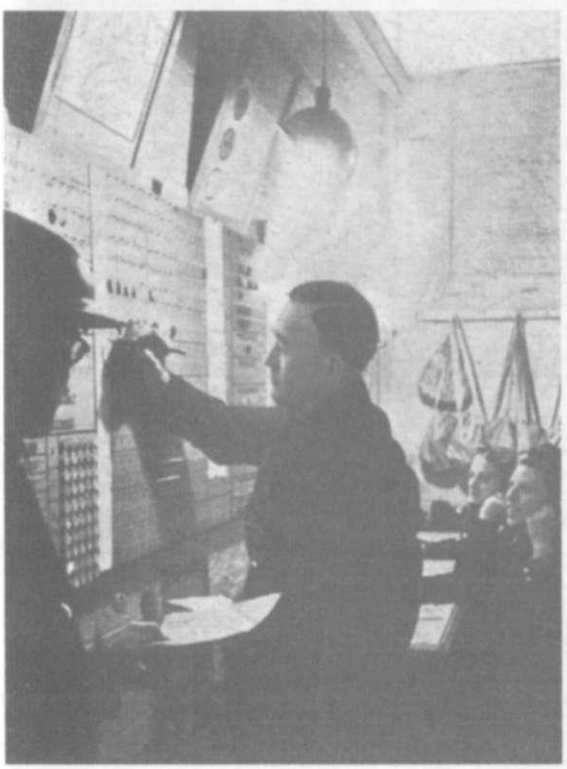
There is no time for stairs when an alarm is given, and the firemen slide down to the engines from their sleeping quarters on polished steel poles. They are often on the way to a fire within a minute.

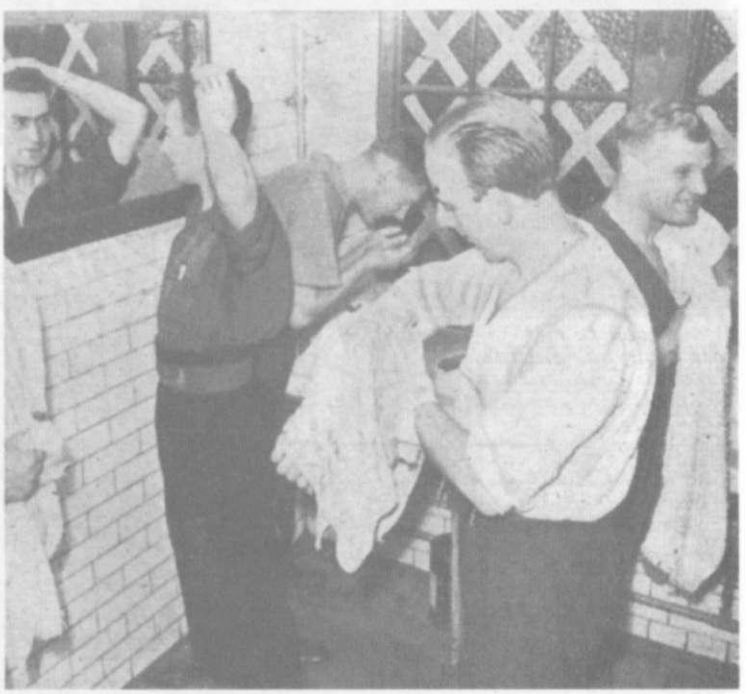
Every night an armed guard is mounted at all the important fire stations to keep watch over the appliances and to keep unwelcome intruders away. The engines are always "ready on the run."

THE London Fire Brigade and the Auxiliary Fire Service have worked as one body since November 1939, and before long they will be combined as the London Fire Service. The A.F.S. men are now fully-trained firemen, for since the service was inaugurated they have undergone an intensive course of training; even before London was systematically bombed they gained experience in fire fighting at some of the outbreaks of fire with which London firemen are always called upon to deal. There is also a women's section of the A.F.S.; some of its members act as drivers of the cars of the chief officers, but their most important work lies in the control rooms. Several A.F.S. girls have died recently at the post of duty.



The indiscriminate bombing of London has struck at all quarters and all classes; one district that has suffered heavily is the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, home of the legal profession.

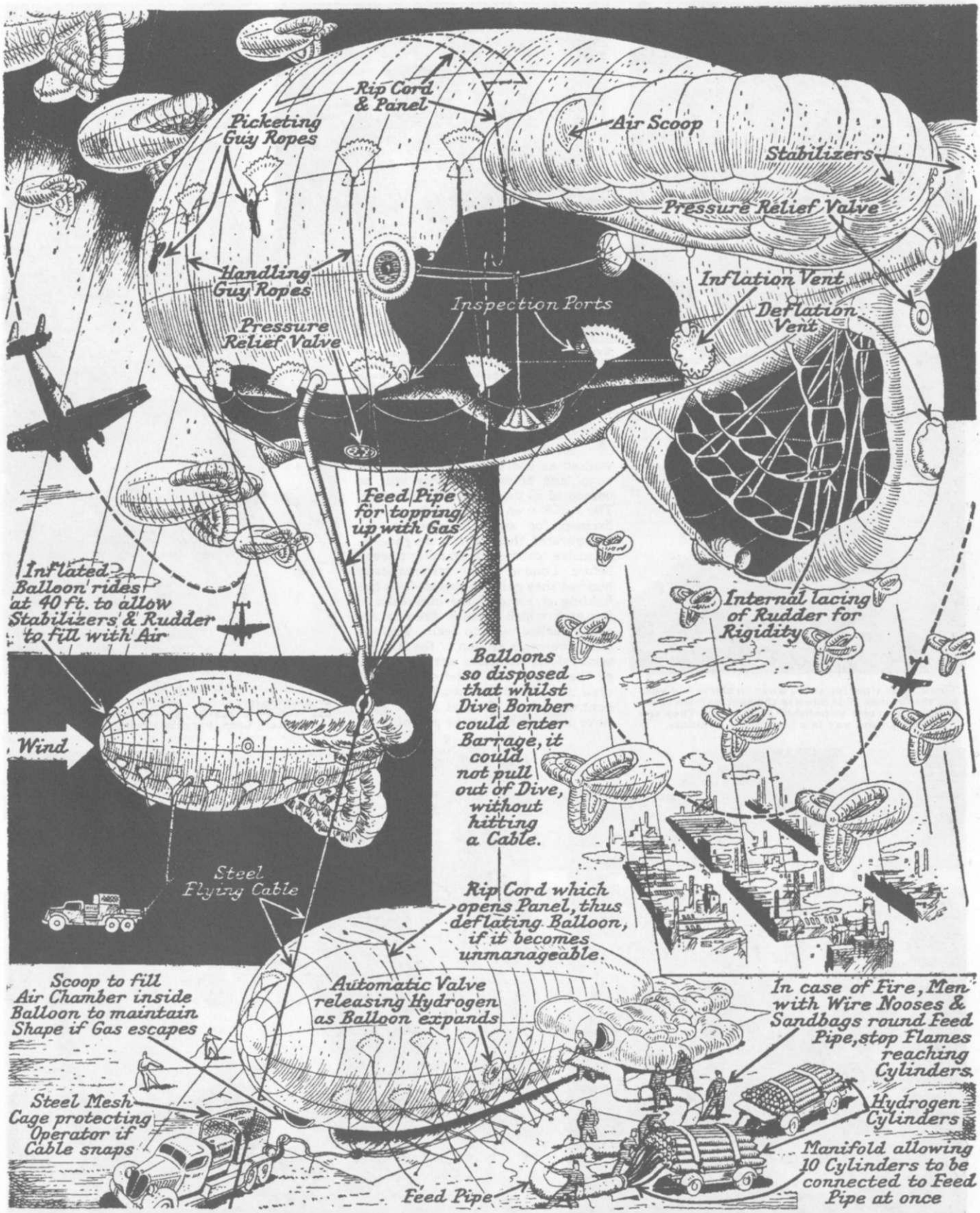




Behind the work of the London Fire Brigade and the Auxiliary Fire Service is an elaborate control system which deals with the mobilization of the various units and controls their movements. Left, at work in a local control room; above, firemen are having a wash after returning from a fire.

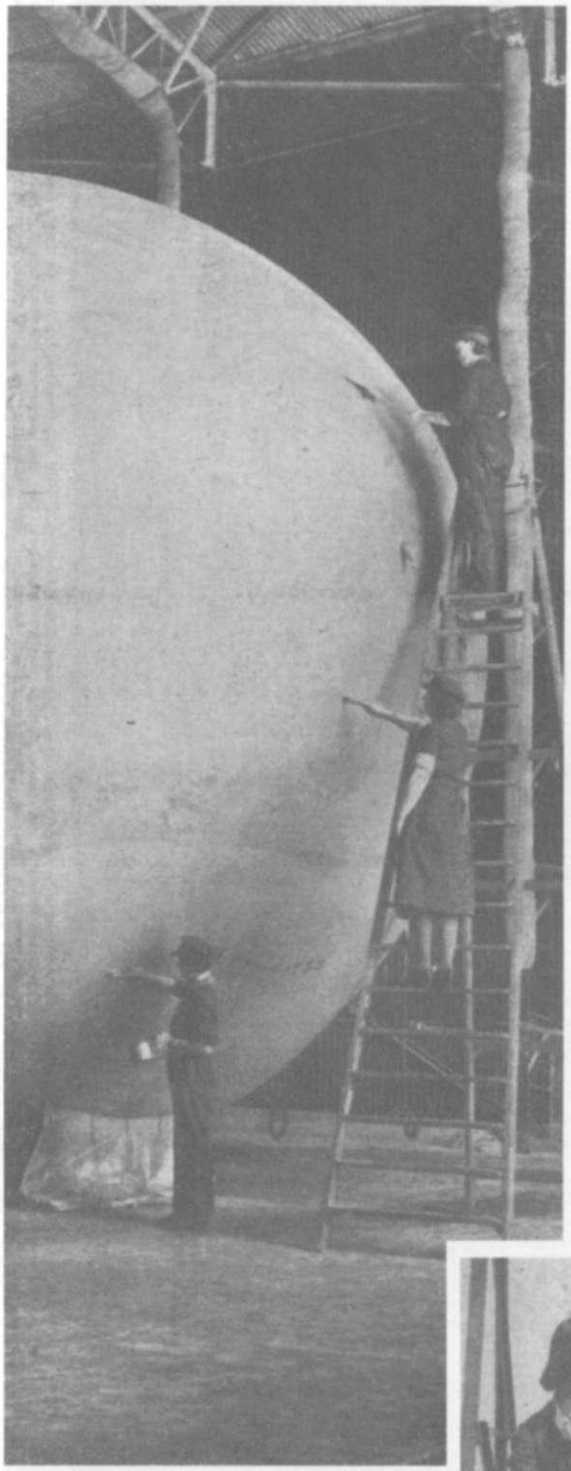
Photos by "News Chronicle" Staff Photographer Ross-White, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED; *and Planet News*

Learn the Anatomy of a Barrage Balloon!


Rip Cord & Panel
Picketing Guy Ropes
Air Scoop
Stabilizers
Pressure Relief Valve
Handling Guy Ropes
Inspection Ports
Inflation Vent
Deflation Vent
Pressure Relief Valve
Feed Pipe for topping up with Gas
Inflated Balloon rides at 40 ft. to allow Stabilizers & Rudder to fill with Air
Internal lacing of Rudder for Rigidity
Wind
Balloons so disposed that whilst Dive Bomber could enter Barrage, it could not pull out of Dive, without hitting a Cable.
Steel Flying Cable
Rip Cord which opens Panel, thus deflating Balloon, if it becomes unmanageable.
Scoop to fill Air Chamber inside Balloon to maintain Shape if Gas escapes
Automatic Valve releasing Hydrogen as Balloon expands
In case of Fire, Men with Wire Nooses & Sandbags round Feed Pipe, stop Flames reaching Cylinders.
Steel Mesh Cage protecting Operator if Cable snaps
Hydrogen Cylinders
Manifold allowing 10 Cylinders to be connected to Feed Pipe at once
Feed Pipe

High up in the sky float the balloons that constitute the barrage which the Nazi dive-bombers most certainly do not like. Looked at from the ground some thousands of feet below, the balloons seem to be simple things enough ; closer inspection makes it clear that in fact theirs is quite a complicated anatomy. The principal details of their construction are revealed in this page of drawings, and it will be realized that to a balloon's making there goes a wealth of ingenuity and labour. Another point brought out by the diagram is that the way in which the balloons are disposed in the sky makes it impossible for a dive-bomber who has had the temerity to enter the barrage to pull out of his dive without hitting a cable and so crashing to earth. There have even been cases of a raider meeting his end by crashing into one of the balloons themselves. Many facts about our barrage balloons have been given in earlier pages, and opposite we tell of the way in which " wounded " balloons are made fit for return to duty ; here let us add that when filled with some 20,000 cubic feet of gas the balloons are 66 feet long and 30 feet high ; some 600 separate pieces of fabric, amounting in all to over 1,000 yards of 42-inch material go to the making of one balloon ; and the original cost of a balloon is about £500, while the gas alone costs £50.

'Wounded' Balloons Make Such Good Patients!



Much of the fabric repair work is done by W.A.A.F. girls; they are experts in handling electrically-driven sewing machines. Above we see them repairing a huge length of rubberized fabric. An R.A.F. man, circle, is splicing balloon wires. At the "hospital" illustrated in this page, three hundred men and women are employed on balloon repair work.

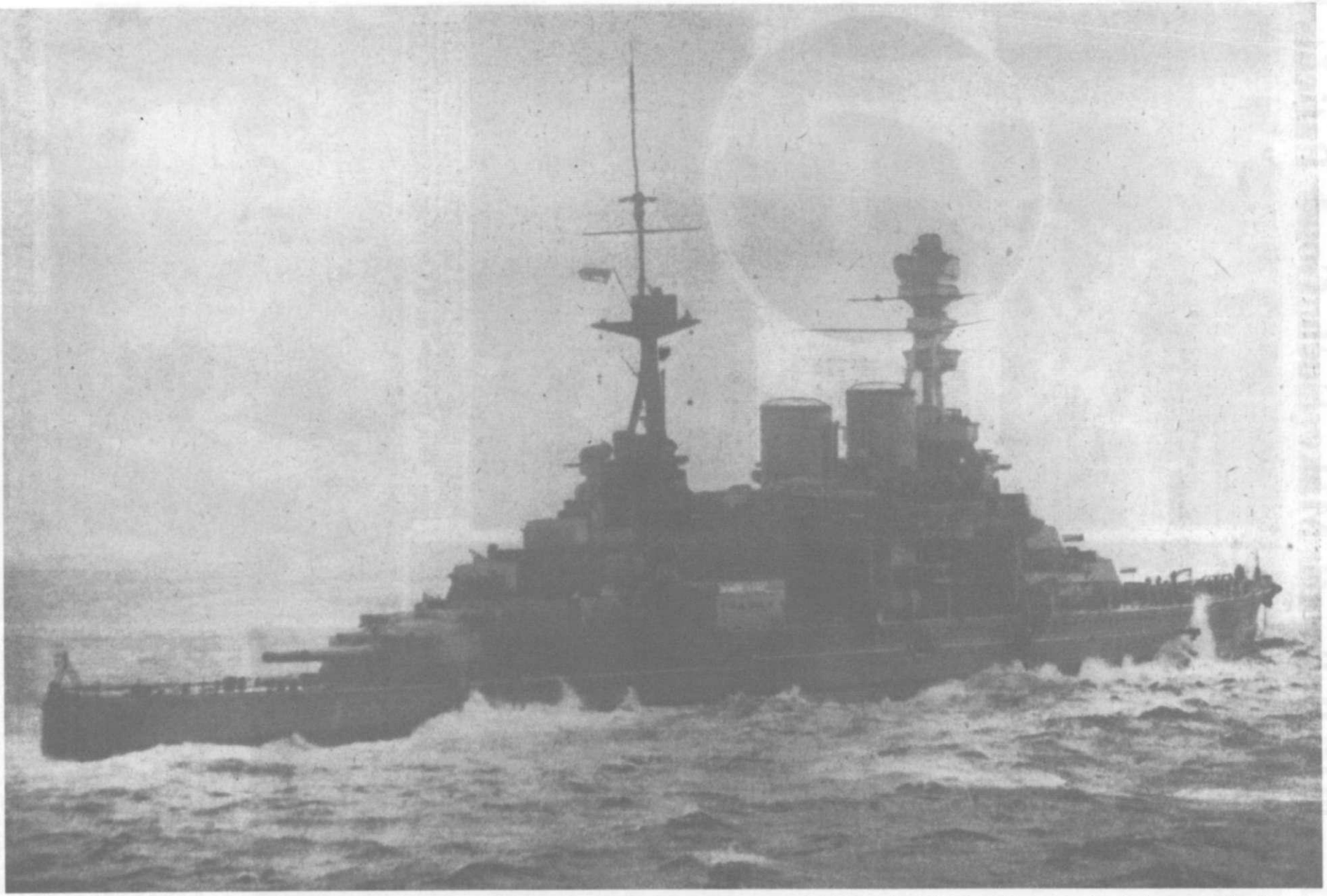
Photos, Fox

These girls, left, are seen hard at work as they make the necessary repairs to an "injured" balloon. Complete spare balloons and parts are also housed in the "hospital." Packed in canvas covers, balloons are kept in store for replacement. Above, one is being put on a derrick for consignment to the store room.

Photos, Fox and Central Art Library

These laughing members of the W.A.A.F. are pulling a trolley which is loaded with a repaired barrage balloon. *Photo, Fox*

THE balloon barrage, which plays so important a part in Britain's defence system, is constantly being overhauled and repaired. Incendiary bullets from enemy 'planes, severe weather conditions and minor accidents are responsible for balloons being taken to "hospital." In Britain, since the beginning of the war, the numbers of the barrages both in balloons and personnel have been doubled. Within twenty-four hours the whole balloon system of any town can be replaced, and there are "hospitals" where damaged balloons are made like new again in a few hours. Rents in the fabric of the balloon are patched, then treated with a solution, and balancing valves readjusted.



In a heavy sea a British battle-cruiser is putting out from port. The great weight of these ships and their high speed makes them inclined, like battleships, to cut through the waves rather than ride over them, while their comparatively low freeboard causes them to ship more water forward than would a merchant ship in similar weather. At the outbreak of war the British Navy had three battle-cruisers, "Hood," "Renown," and "Repulse," but no other navy had adopted this type of warship. The displacement of the "Renown" and "Repulse" is 32,000 tons, with a speed of 29 knots, but the "Hood," the largest warship afloat, has a displacement of 42,100 tons and a speed of 32 knots.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Tovey Now Holds the Post That Beatty Held

In the Great War they called it the Grand Fleet, and its commanders were in turn Jellicoe and Beatty ; in this war it is the Home Fleet, which until the other day was commanded by Admiral Sir Charles Forbes. Now, however, the C.-in-C. is Admiral Tovey, about whom, and another famous modern sea-dog, Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, we tell here.

BRITAIN'S Home Fleet—that great collection of battleships and cruisers, destroyers and smaller craft which keeps perpetual watch and ward over the North Atlantic, the North Sea, and the English Channel—has a new Commander-in-Chief. On October 17 it was announced by the Admiralty that Rear-Admiral J. C. Tovey, Commanding Destroyer Flotillas, Mediterranean, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes, with the acting rank of admiral.

Admiral Tovey is 54, and for the most part his 40 years in the Navy have been associated with the destroyer branch. In the last war he was in command of H.M. destroyer "Onslow" at the Battle of Jutland on May 31, 1916, and the gallant and skilful way in which he handled his ship came in for special mention after the action. First the "Onslow" and another destroyer, the "Moresby," tackled four of Admiral Hipper's light cruisers, until the two destroyers were met with so heavy and accurate a fire that they were forced to turn away. Foiled in this first attempt, the "Onslow" took station beside the "Lion," Admiral Beatty's flagship, and as the Admiral turned east, Tovey suddenly caught sight of the "Wiesbaden" in an excellent position for using his torpedoes, only 6,000 yards away. He dashed at her, firing as he went, until when within 2,000 yards he suddenly found himself too near to be comfortable to the enemy's battle cruisers. Though under the fire of the advancing ships, Tovey thought the opportunity of having a hit at so fine a target was one not to be missed, and at 8,000 yards he gave the order for all torpedoes to be fired. Unfortunately, at that very moment the "Onslow" was struck amidships by a heavy shell and so only one torpedo got off. But he had not finished yet,

Admiral J. C. Tovey takes command of the Royal Navy stationed in home waters, known as the Home Fleet. In the last war this force, first under Admiral Jellicoe and then under Admiral Beatty, was known as the Grand Fleet.

Photo, Universal Picture Press

and, passing close to the "Wiesbaden," he hit her fair and square under the conning tower.

Hardly had the noise of the explosion died away when another and far more important target suddenly presented itself. "Some five miles away," to quote the account of Sir Julian S. Corbett in "Naval Operations," "a whole line of German battleships loomed up in the mist advancing upon him at high speed. What was he to do ? He had two torpedoes in his tubes, but his engines were failing, his speed was down to ten knots, and to turn to attack meant almost certain destruction, and yet he turned. One destroyer more or less, so he reasoned, mattered little, while two torpedoes fired from an ideal position might materially affect the action, and in this admirable spirit of devotion he decided to attack again. Making for the advancing battleships, he waited till his sights were on, and at 8,000 yards fired his remaining torpedoes. Fair to cross the enemy's line they ran as he struggled away, but the Germans must have manoeuvred to avoid them, for there was no hit. So bold an attack with a crippled ship deserved a better result, but the sacrifice that he faced was not required of him, and two days later he got safely back to port." In fact, the "Onslow" was taken in tow by the "Defender," another crippled destroyer, and both ships succeeded in reaching Aberdeen on June 2.

From 1932 to 1934 he was in command of the battleship "Rodney," and from 1935—when he was promoted to Flag rank—to 1937 he was Commodore of the Royal Naval barracks at Chatham. In April, 1938, he was transferred to the Mediterranean to take command of the Destroyer Flotillas.

Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood photographed at a public luncheon soon after his return to England from South America in mid-October. He had shortly before been knighted by the King.

Photo, Sport & General

On the same day as Admiral Tovey's appointment to the Home Fleet was announced, Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, K.C.B., was appointed a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and an Assistant Chief of Naval Staff in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake. Admiral Harwood's name will be for ever associated with the glorious battle of the River Plate of Dec. 13, 1939.

Every officer appointed to a staff job at the Admiralty is made a member of the crew of H.M.S. "President," the R.N.V.R. drill ship which lies off the Victoria Embankment, London, and the notice of Rear-Admiral Harwood's appointment declared that he had been "appointed to 'President' for additional duty inside the Admiralty."

High proficiency in gunnery has distinguished the destroyer flotillas since the outbreak of war, and the men above, manning one of the small ships' A.A. guns, are typical of those who have made excellent practice against enemy aircraft. Admiral Tovey has been largely responsible for bringing the destroyer arm to its present state of efficiency.

Photo, Central Press

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

German Lies Shown Up

THE Air Ministry, goaded beyond endurance by the lying communiqués of the German High Command, recently abandoned official reticence and gave chapter and verse in support of its statement that on a particular day eight Nazi aircraft had been destroyed. "The German High Command communiqué almost always contains an untrue statement of enemy air losses. Today's High Command communiqué, for example, only admits that three of their aircraft did not return from Tuesday's operations. In fact, as already announced, eight German aircraft were destroyed on Tuesday. Of these two were Heinkel float-'planes which were shot down in the sea without survivors." Details of the remaining six were then given, including the type of aircraft and any marks on it, the place where it came down, and the names of the crew. The Air Ministry added: "It will be appreciated that information of this nature may be of great value to the enemy and cannot be published as a general rule."

America's New Air Base

JACKSONVILLE, Florida, is the site for the first of the U.S. Navy's great air bases which are to be built as part of the new defence programme. Its purpose will be twofold: it will serve primarily as the principal base of air operations from Newfoundland to the Panama Canal, and, secondly, as a training centre for pilots and aeroplane mechanics. As it is expected that three thousand mechanics will be under instruction at one time, thirty buildings, to be used as their training school, have already been erected, and enormous workshops are now under construction for the purpose of servicing naval aeroplanes from all over the U.S.A. The whole scheme is to cost 25 million dollars (£6,250,000) and will cover 3,360 acres.

Thumb-Screws on Syria

THE Axis Powers, through the agency of the Vichy Government, have succeeded in demoralizing both the army and civil service in Syria. Their ultimate aim is to secure the disarmament of the French forces and the surrender to Italy of vast quantities of war material and equipment. The army consisted of more than 100,000 men, of whom about half were native troops. Some 40,000 of the Europeans were reservists, and of these one-third have been, or are now being, repatriated to France. Moreover, the compulsory retirement, on the score of economy, of senior French officers and officials in the civil service, has resulted in the elimination of most of those who are pro-British or whose sympathies incline towards the Free French movement. Those that remain are forced to submit to the Vichy policy, for dismissal would deprive them of their pensions, and their families at home of their separation allowances. The Italian Armistice Commission, which arrived at Beirut soon after the collapse of France, has had to work very cautiously, owing to the ill-concealed dislike not only of the French, but of the Syrians and Lebanese too. Now, however, that the spirit of the army has deteriorated, the efforts to get Syria under the heel of the Dictators may meet with less resistance.

Free French Cause in Africa

WITH a view to encouraging the Free French movement in Africa, General de Gaulle arrived at Duala, Cameroons, on October 9. He telegraphed the following greeting to Mr. Churchill: "From French soil over which the enemy has no control I send to you and to the valiant peoples of the British Empire an expression of complete confidence and faithful friendship from 14,000,000 Frenchmen or French subjects already bound to me for the prosecution of the war by the side of the Allies until final victory." After conferences with Gen. de Larminat, whom he had appointed Governor-General of All Free French Colonies in Central Africa, Gen. de Gaulle is to continue his journey through the Cameroons to Lake Chad and thence to Cairo. In this city recruiting proceeds apace, and the Croix de Lorraine, the Free French emblem worn in the coat lapel, is very much in evidence among the French population. It is stated that Cairo is to be the centre of a network of world propaganda in the interests of Free France. In Tunis, which is Vichy-controlled territory, the underground Free French movement is steadily gaining adherents, and Gen. de Gaulle's presence in Africa is certain to spur on to further efforts all workers for the ultimate freedom of the great French Empire.

Starvation May Follow Nazi Looting

A REPORT has been issued in Washington in which the U.S. Commerce Department states that Germany will be to blame for any food shortage in Europe this coming winter. Germany already has larger food reserves than any other European country except Britain, and she is still adding to them, always at the expense of the plundered and occupied territories. In Norway the German Government has acquired and exported to its own storehouses the entire "crisis reserve" of potatoes, amounting to 300,000 tons, which the Norwegians, by increased cultivation last spring, had produced to meet the needs of their own people in the winter ahead. The Quislingist authorities have also concluded a new contract for supplying Germany with a further quantity of dried fish to the value of 4 million kronen. Foodstuffs such as eggs and meat are becoming scarce, for not only do the troops in occupation consume enormous quantities, but they also send parcels of food to their own homes. This is in addition to the regular official consignments.

In unoccupied France the food shortage is already becoming very serious, in spite of severe rationing. Such commodities as sugar, coffee, butter, chocolate, olive oil, soap and matches have disappeared. Little meat except mutton is available, and only by saving a week's ration can enough for a good meal be obtained. Sea fish is sometimes offered at coastal places, in spite of mines and submarines, but it does not reach inland towns. Because of transport difficulties the price of coal is prohibitive, so that wood is the only fuel available. Cold and semi-starvation will almost certainly be the lot of unhappy France for months to come.

Battered Libyan Ports

THE persistent bombing by the R.A.F. of Benghazi and Tobruk is causing grave concern to Italy. These two harbours have hitherto been largely used for importing supplies destined for troops on the Egyptian front, but as the result of British raids ships have been set on fire, quays damaged and dumps destroyed, and it is thought that Italian shipping will now have to proceed for unloading to Tripoli, very much farther west. One advantage of this arrangement will be that the crossing from Sicily is shorter, and is partly protected by minefields, but, on the other hand, the port is 500 miles from the Egyptian frontier, and to cover such a distance by road is both slow and costly.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE

On October 13, 1940, Princess Elizabeth made her first broadcast, an address to evacuee children at home and in the Empire. Her words were heard throughout this country, and by British children in Canada, the United States, South Africa, and elsewhere. The Princess said:

IN wishing you all "Good evening," I feel that I am speaking to friends and companions who have shared with my sister and myself many a happy Children's Hour.

Thousands of you in this country have had to leave your homes and be separated from your fathers and mothers. My sister, Margaret Rose, and I feel so much for you, as we know from experience what it means to be away from those we love most of all. To you, living in new surroundings, we send a message of true sympathy, and at the same time we would like to thank the kind people who have welcomed you to their homes in the country.

All of us children who are still at home think continually of our friends and relations who have gone overseas—who have travelled thousands of miles to find a wartime home and a kindly welcome in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the United States of America.

When Princess Elizabeth made her first broadcast on October 13, 1940, her sister, Princess Margaret, was sitting beside her, and the King and Queen were also in the room. Listeners were interested to note the resemblance of the Princess's voice to that of her mother. *Photo, Planet News*

My sister and I feel we know quite a lot about these countries. Our father and mother have so often talked to us of their visits to different parts of the world. So it is not difficult for us to picture the sort of life you are all leading, and to think of all the new sights you must be seeing and the adventures you must be having.

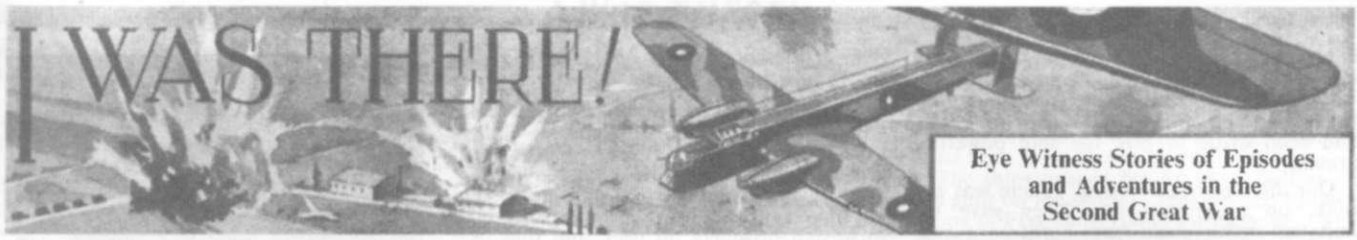
But I am sure that you, too, are often thinking of the Old Country. I know you won't forget us; it is just because we are not forgetting you that I want, on behalf of all the children at home, to send you our love and best wishes—to you and to your kind hosts as well.

Before I finish I can truthfully say to you all that we children at home are full of cheerfulness and courage. We are trying to do all we can to help our gallant sailors, soldiers and airmen, and we are trying, too, to bear our own share of the danger and sadness of war. We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well; for God will care for us and give us victory and peace. And when peace comes, remember it will be for us, the children of today, to make the world of tomorrow a better and happier place.

My sister is by my side, and we are both going to say good-night to you. Come on, Margaret.

Princess Margaret: **Good-night.**

Princess Elizabeth: **Good-night and good luck to you all.**



A Nazi Airman Landed In Our Meadow

During the summer and autumn of 1940 hundreds of Nazi airmen from damaged 'planes came to earth in the English countryside. Some of them landed uninjured and still aggressive in spirit, others —like the central figure of the following episode described by Leslie Thomas in the "Daily Express"—were broken in body and apprehensive of ill treatment.

WHEN the ground under our running feet shook as the German pilot's body struck the spot where his torn parachute dropped him, we were conscious of only one thing. A man, perhaps terribly smashed up, was lying there, groaning, in need of help. We were only a pace or two from him and he raised one hand in gesture of surrender as he turned apprehensive eyes towards us.

We had been gazing vainly up in search of the high-flying attackers, the drone of whose hundreds of engines made your head hum, when we heard somewhere above us the noise like the flack of a duster out of the window.

High up, just breaking through a white cloud in which his machine had been sheltering, was a tiny black dot with a flapping white thing following it down.

A man had baled out and his "brolly" wasn't opening properly. He was dropping and twisting and turning in the air in an endeavour to get the crazy thing to function. He was coming straight down in the teeth of the wind, right into our meadow.

I remember shouting, "My God, his parachute won't open," and dashing off at top speed, just as you would if you saw a chap coming a purler off a motor-bike in the road.

Elsa was in the lead: she didn't stop even to shout. She tore across the bit of meadow and as she got up to the injured man she said at once, "Gun?" He only shook his head and groaned.

Then we were kneeling beside him, Elsa supporting him and saying reassuring things, while I got his parachute adrift from the harness, made it up into a pillow and started to release the harness from him. She took off his flying helmet and laid him back, his face very white, lips swollen, and his mouth and nose covered in blood. An ambulance man, a member of the village first-aid squad, arrived to examine him.

He was a little Nazi; not at all the hectoring, medal-wearing, bully type. An educated type of boy of about twenty-three or twenty-four, with a few words of English which, with my few fragments of German, helped us to locate his injuries and reassure him that his danger was over.

"Left foot broken," was his first remark. The St. John man removed his boots, which, we noticed, were ordinary walking boots, not flying boots at all.

His eyes roved skywards, and I glanced up and saw other parachutes, one of them catching fire, gliding down from the sky, and a black Dornier circling wildly with smoke pouring from its tail. We learned afterwards that one of his crew came down dead two miles away on the end of his parachute.

Villagers, including the first-aid squad, now began to arrive, and one good-humoured ass came up and remarked, "You are a b—— fool, you know, to fight the English!"

He was a lucky young Nazi that afternoon. For all his terrible landing, which had made me want to cover my eyes for fear of what I was going to see, he appeared to have got off with a pair of rather badly broken legs and a bitten tongue. He didn't seem to have any internal injury by his reactions, and his chief concern was for his face.

"What here? What here?" he kept asking, moving his hand vaguely in the direction of his mouth. Elsa bathed his mouth and nose and we both kept chatting to him in brief sentences to help restore his balance. "Goot, goot," he kept on saying.

Then, as a variation on an all-important theme, "Would you be so very, very kind . . . ?" At first she thought he was going to make a request, but he was asking for kind treatment. I suppose he had been primed with stories of his fate if he fell into British hands. . . . .

They took him away to hospital in an open farm lorry, the village ambulance, and there were cries of "Auf wiedersehen" from all sides as he was lifted ever so carefully aboard the stretcher.

This Nazi airman took to his parachute when his machine was shot down over the English countryside. The parachute failed to open properly and the German is seen wounded after landing. He was afterwards taken to hospital in the village ambulance—an open lorry. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

It had been his first flight over England and he never reached London.

"I suppose I ought to hate him, when I think he was on his way perhaps to bomb mother," Elsa remarked, as we went indoors; "but I can't."

The 'Truant' Rescued Us After 134 Days

After being prisoners of the Nazis on the high seas for 134 days, the crew of the British steamer "Haxby" were rescued by H.M. submarine "Truant" off Cape Finisterre. The following story of their imprisonment and rescue was told by Captain Cornelius Arundell to Laurence Wilkinson of the "Daily Express."

IT was about 6.30 in the morning of April 24, 1940, when the German raider, flying Greek colours, suddenly opened fire on the "Haxby" with four 6 in. guns.

We had no chance. The second salvo of shells killed our gunner and smashed the gun platform. They kept on firing after that for about half an hour—with not a shot in return.

My ship was shattered and on fire, and there were good men dead on the decks. We had to swim for it, and after a long time they picked us up from the planks and wooden barrels to which we were clinging.

They put us into canvas suits and gave us underwear and flannel shirts made out of wood pulp. They sent us to our prison quarters, three decks down.

They gave us a plate of black bread and sausage. The bread was as hard as nails and had half an inch of wet round the bottom.

When we went on deck for exercise for one hour in the morning and one in the

I WAS THERE!

afternoon we saw that we were in a fine ship, one of the Hamburg liners which before war was on the New York run. Furnishings and fittings were de luxe except where alterations had been made to give the ship powerful armament.

Our diet did not improve. There was no milk, no sugar, no tea. They gave us imitation coffee made from burnt corn and an imitation jam. Our staple diet was soup made from peas, beans or lentils.

We saw little of our captors. The captain, a grim-faced Prussian, never spoke until the day I left his ship to be transferred to the "Tropic Sea," a Norwegian ship which they had captured.

He then asked me if I had been treated well. I said I had no complaints, and added: "But I shall never forget that you killed sixteen of my men, firing at us while we were helpless."

He said: "Forget it, captain, there's a war on." I said: "I shall never forget and never forgive it." He shrugged his shoulders.

It was true that we hadn't been badly treated. The officers and men with whom we had dealings were like strangely deluded children. They believed that the war would be over in a matter of weeks, and they even had daily band practice on board so that the ship could be represented in "the victory march through Berlin," which they thought was soon to take place.

They believed that the British Navy had been swept from the seas, that South-east England was a desert of destruction, that the Port of London was shattered and useless, and that all England was starving and continuing the fight in desperation.

One morning Klaxon alarms sounded, and we were all locked in our quarters. There was a lot of scampering going on above our heads. Then the guns fired three times.

More than an hour later we saw through little peepholes in the wall of our prison room that some seamen were being brought on board. They were from the captured Norwegian ship "Tropic Sea."

Soon afterwards another ship came alongside. It was the German oiler "Winnetou," which had come out to refuel us. At this time we were kept in close confinement. We were twelve days locked in our quarters without exercise, and almost choked by oil fumes.

Then we were transferred to the "Tropic Sea" under armed guard.

They rigged up two machine-guns to cover any attempt to rush the lifeboats, and we were supervised by twenty guards, each armed with a revolver and a hand grenade.

The new captain, who was an officer from the first raider, called all the British and Norwegian prisoners on deck and told us: "There are six bombs hidden in this ship. If you try any tricks I will blow the whole thing sky high."

They kept on plugging at us with their propaganda. An officer had the special duty of converting us into good Nazis, and he seemed to think it was only a question of time before we saw the folly of our ways and realized that Hitler was a fine fellow and Churchill a low scoundrel. Among other startling statements, this propaganda officer said that only 3,000 British soldiers had escaped from Dunkirk and that every British port was closed by mines.

As we got nearer Europe we got a bit depressed. We thought there was no chance of rescue.

Then, at 5.30 on the morning of September 3, the alarm sounded through the ship again. We were told to get on deck with our lifebelts.

All the German officers seemed in a daze. When they first sighted the submarine they were convinced that it was a German which had come to escort them into port. They hadn't bargained for it being British.

The little submarine signalled: "Stop your ship, tell captain to put out boats, bring ship's papers."

I told the German captain, "He hasn't fired on you yet, and he won't if you behave. But if you try any monkey business I've a good idea what the consequences will be."

The Germans in my lifeboat refused to take us to the submarine, so I pushed the officer away from the tiller and told my men to row towards it for all they were worth. I knew that there were time bombs in the ship due to explode in a matter of minutes. We drew alongside the submarine and a young lieutenant pulled me aboard and said: "Welcome home." He had one of those Navy voices. It sounded like music in my ears.

Here is Capt. Cornelius Arundell, master of the freighter "Haxby," whose story of his captivity on a Nazi prison-ship for 134 days is recounted in this page. *Photo, Associated Press*

Mine Was a Hot Night With 'Alf Bagwash'

Since the attack on London started we have come to recognize as heroes many men to whom and whose labour we hardly gave a thought in the days of peace. Among these are surely the men who take the newspapers from the printing-offices to the main-line stations on the first stage to our breakfast tables. This story by John Pudney is reprinted from the "News Chronicle."

PEOPLE are skipping from doorway to doorway—those who have to be out. On tall buildings there is a flush of false dawn from a distant fire.

Between the thunder of guns, like raindrops in a dark pool, sound London's clocks striking the small hours, delicate and indifferent. On business of life and death fire appliances and A.R.P. vehicles streak through the streets.

In the shadows of Fleet Street rows of coloured news vans wait like teams of relay runners. "Awful" and "Bagwash," the news drivers, are discussing tonight's war with expert discrimination as they wait for the load of newspapers they are to take to the great main line termini.

"Chosen a hot night, you have, to watch the wheels go round," says "Alf Bagwash," whose passenger I am to be.

The Sky is Beginning to Whistle

We lumber off through the familiar, now rather frightening, streets. For six years, Alf tells me, he has driven newspapers to catch the train at "Eusterloo." Every night since "he started this —— game," he has driven on side-lights alone through these streets. . . .

"You don't half look funny when you shrink up like that in your corner," he says, interrupting himself.

I have sufficient reason to shrink. A couple of "diversions" have taken us well off the beaten course to "Eusterloo," and the sky is beginning to whistle.

We tumble out into an archway; and your news pauses. . . .

"Alf Bagwash" tells me how he comes to bear this nickname; and we proceed, our tires crunching on broken glass, the

Throughout the air "blitz" readers have received their newspapers with extraordinary regularity due not only to the indoor staff, but to the courage of such men as "Alf Bagwash," one of whose trips to "Eusterloo" through gunfire and bombs is described in this page. *Photo, "News Chronicle"*

windscreen momentarily dimmed by dust and smoke.

"You get a kind of first-hand knowledge of what's going on," says Alf, "and you get used to it."

More news is made even as we trundled through the shadows with the latest of everything. It is all that moves in London besides the vital services of the City fighting line.

We take what Alf calls "another little breather" for a matter of minutes in a shelter. "Shouldn't chance it, if I was you, mates," says a policeman when we decide to move on.

"I got a load in that van. Newspapers for the train," says Alf, conclusively clumping on his tin hat.

"Eusterloo" has taken us longer than we bargained for. But the train is there ready and we bandy words with the other relay runners as they arrive.

Alf makes any journey possible, but I fancy I have spent far too much time "shrinking up" in my corner.

"Harry Awful" joins us. We calculate the time till dawn and, taking leave of the papers, retire to a long melancholy bar for tea.

I am most viciously scalded when all our cups jump out of our hands, and many frequenters of the bar flung themselves flat.

"Awful" and "Bagwash" captivate me by calling upon the depressed and recumbent company to sing.

Wallop again.

We are still alive then, and "Awful" says. "Thank Gawd the train's away, anyway."

How We Bombed Flushing Docks

During one of the R.A.F. raids on Flushing Docks one of our aircraft dived down to within a stone's throw of the ground and secured direct hits on buildings and an ammunition dump. The pilot, a young New Zealander, broadcast an account of this exploit, and here it is in his own words.

We broke cloud just south of Flushing from along the coast. We waited for about 20 minutes to pin point it—just to make absolutely certain. Then we went up seaward and came in across the docks. In the meantime they must have been getting all their guns ready. I thought we were going to glide in and catch them by surprise, but it didn't happen that way.

The observer lies prone on the floor of the "bomb room" of his machine, his thumb on the bomb release, waiting for the precise second when he may drop his bombs. *Photo, Topical*

We were fairly low when they opened up. I have never seen anything like it—it didn't even seem worth trying to dodge the Flak, there was so much of it. I thought "Goodnight, nurse," put the nose down and hoped for the best. That wasn't being foolhardy. It was as good a way of getting out of it as any other.

The inside of the aircraft was reeking with cordite. Nobody said anything. Frankly, I thought we weren't going to get out of it, and I think the rest of them thought that too. I remember it flashing across my mind that if they did bring us down the aircraft would make a pretty good bomb load to land on them—I don't mean anything heroic, but even if it was all up, we were going to hit the docks anyway.

The searchlights were holding us all the time. I just kept my eyes on the instruments and on the docks. If one had looked round one would have been blinded. As we went over, the bomb-aimer made certain all the bombs had gone. We dropped them and they landed right in the centre of the dock buildings.

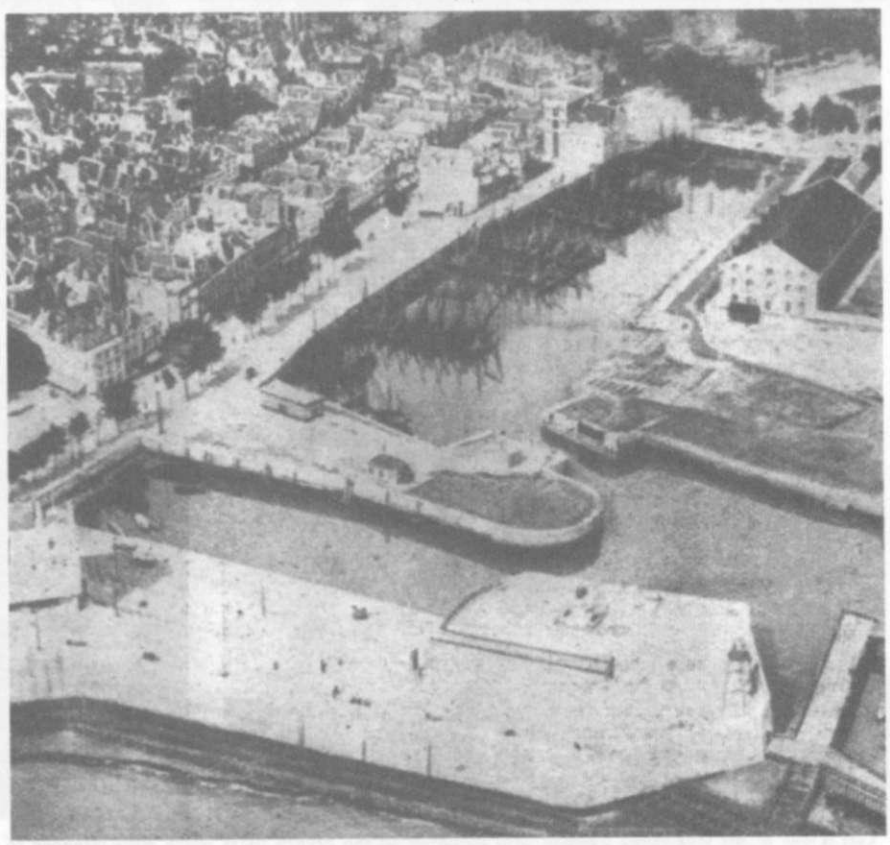
Immediately we were thrown up to 600 feet. There were tremendous explosions. The second pilot was standing beside me. His knees buckled underneath him and he went down on the floor. I was just concentrating on trying to keep the aircraft in the air and to get away. More or less automatically I pushed the nose down, the throttles forward, and hoped for the best. There was a curtain of fire on all sides. We went through. I bet the Germans thought they had got one aircraft down all right, but we must have given them a terrific shaking.

The ships opened fire on us as well as all the guns on the shore. They seemed to have a ring of Flak ships round the harbour. The machine-gun tracer was making spirals in the air. They were using heavy arm quick-firing guns, too, and flaming onions by the dozen. The sky was absolutely full of it. We scooted along the edge of the sea. I could see the breakers quite clearly. By this time I was fighting with the stick. We sent out an S O S that we were likely to be coming down. I knew that we had been hit. I had felt the shells smack into the 'plane and I couldn't hold the aircraft properly.

I Never Thought We'd Make Home

We said we would have a crack at getting home. We told them that by wireless. I thought the rear gunner had been hit. He didn't answer when I spoke to him on the inter-communication set and I sent the second pilot along to his turret. We found that the gunner was all right, but that his inter-communication set had been put out of order. I told the second pilot to have a look at all control cables and keep his eye on the petrol gauges to see that the petrol tanks weren't leaking. The front gunner came out of his turret and stood by to operate the flotation gear in case we had to land on the water. At 15 to 20 miles out we could still see the flashes of explosions from the docks.

Frankly I never thought we'd make home. The aircraft was kicking like a bucking bronco. There were heavy clouds and I was flying on instruments all the way. It was raining most of the time. My arms were aching and seemed tied up in knots from the strain of holding the aircraft. Finally we got home, and I landed safely.

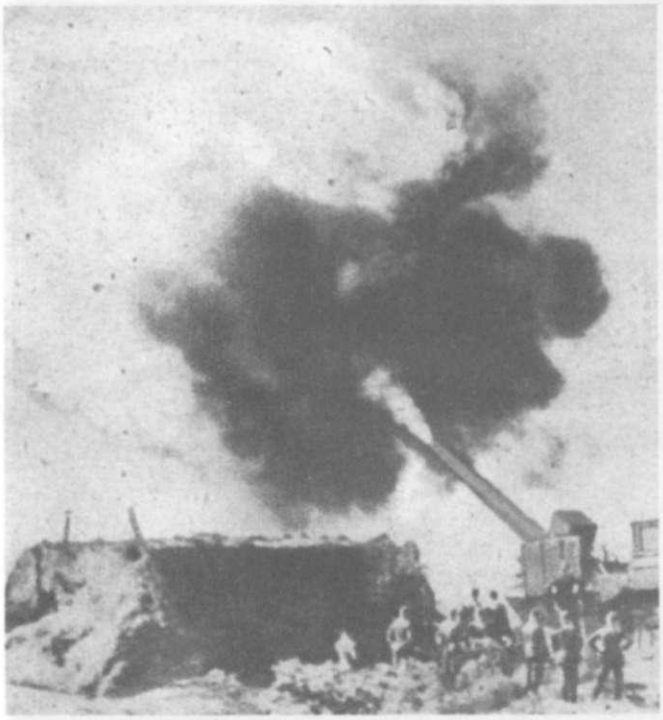


One of Hitler's chief invasion ports, Flushing, has been repeatedly bombed by the R.A.F., the concentrations of barges having suffered heavily. Here is seen part of Flushing's harbour, the Rotonde with the statue of Admiral de Ruyter at one end of the foremost quay. *Photo, E.N.A.*

In France Things Are Grim—Certainly Not Gay

To French printers in occupied France has fallen the unpleasant task of setting newspapers for the Nazis. Left is a scene in the office of "L'Echo de la Loire," the principal daily of Nantes; the caption to the original German photograph reads, "A French printer unaccustomed to Gothic type (black letter) at work on the production of 'Der Stosstrupp'" (The Storm Trooper). Right is one of the Nazi broadcasting cars which tell sad listeners the next instalment of regimentation which lies in store for them.

When war clouds first appeared on the horizon, precautions were taken by the French to destroy all the bridges across the Rhine on the frontier between France and Germany. Soon after the declaration of war the bridges were blown up, but after the Armistice one of the first works of restoration undertaken was the building of temporary structures to take their place. Above is one of them built by pioneers in 28 days; beyond it are the remains of the old bridge.



Left is one of the long-range German guns mounted on the French coast which were intended to strike terror into the hearts of the people of Kent and to close the Straits of Dover to British convoys. In both purposes they signally failed. Right is Marshal Pétain receiving a party of American journalists at Vichy. He is said to have described the frontier between occupied and unoccupied France as "a noose round our necks," and to have declared that he yearned to meet "his old friend General Pershing."

Photos, E.N.A. and Keystone

They Have Won Honour in Freedom's Cause

Flight Lieut. Douglas Forsyth, D.F.C., for displaying great courage and gallantry during operations in the air.

Flying Officer Thomas Murray, D.F.C., for displaying bravery, conspicuous courage and devotion to duty during air operations.

Act. Flight Lieut. J. Jefferies, D.F.C., for destroying 4 enemy aircraft and severely damaging another two.

Flying Officer Peter Bennett, D.F.C., for displaying conspicuous courage and bravery against the enemy in the air.

Squadron-Leader Donald England, D.F.C., for displaying great courage and devotion to duty while engaged in air operations.

Capt. Quirk, of the Merchant Navy, O.B.E., for displaying courage and devotion to duty on active service.

Act. Flight Lieut. P. S Turner, D.F.C., for destroying 10 enemy aircraft during engagements over Dunkirk and Britain.

Flight Lieut. Peter Hanks, D.F.C., for displaying conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty during air operations.

Act. Flight Lieut. J. I. Kilmartin, D.F.C., for destroying 12 enemy aircraft. His determination made him a fine leader.

Capt. H. M. L. Waller, Royal Australian Navy, D.S.O., for displaying conspicuous bravery and daring while on active service.

Mr. G. A. Howe, Manager of Shell-Mex, Hull, G.M., for gallantry and leadership in fighting fire at oil depot.

Fireman J. Owen, G.M., for volunteering to operate a hose on top of an almost red-hot tank.

Mr. G. Sigsworth, G.M., for displaying courage and resource during oil depot fire at Hull. He assisted Mr. Howe.

Leading Fireman C. Turner, Hull Auxiliary Fire Services, G.M., for displaying outstanding courage in extinguishing fire.

Mr. G. S. Sewell, G.M., for working continuously on a tank roof while gas inside was burning.

Sergt. J. E. Mordin, D.C.M., for holding up 8 to 11 enemy tanks, and destroying several of them.

Mr. W. J. Jenkins, A.R.P. Cyclist, G.M., for delivering messages in a raid. He was twice blown off his machine.

Col. (Act. Maj.-Gen.) J. T. Crocker, C.B.E., for gallant and distinguished services against the enemy in the field.

Flight Lieut. W. Blackwood, D.F.C., for displaying outstanding courage and devotion to duty during operations in the air.

Sergt. E. R. Weston, R.A.M.C., M.M., for assisting wounded during evacuation of the B.E.F. from the French coast.

Pilot Officer W. Cunningham, D.F.C., for destroying 5 enemy aircraft, and displaying great personal gallantry in the air.

Flying Officer L. A. Haines, D.F.C., for shooting down 7 enemy aircraft and assisting in the destruction of another.

Act. Squadron-Leader Sir Archibald Hope, D.F.C., for destroying 4 enemy aircraft. He has completed 107 operational flights.

Cadet Arthur Mitchell, Cadet Corps Gallantry Medal, for driving a blazing lorry from a bombed building.

Act. Sergt. J. Blair, D.F.M., for having flown a 'plane 350 miles after the pilot had been killed

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, OCT. 15, 1940 *409th day*

On the Sea—C.-in-C. Mediterranean reported that H.M.S. "Ajax" sank three Italian destroyers in early hours of October 12. "Ajax" suffered superficial damage and some casualties. Following these contacts Fleet was attacked by enemy aircraft, at least four of which were shot down. H.M. cruiser "Liverpool" was damaged by aerial torpedo, but reached port safely.

Successes also reported by British submarines in Mediterranean; two armed merchant ships and two enemy supply ships sunk.

Dunkirk heavily bombarded during night by forces of Royal Navy.

In the Air—Main strength of R.A.F. bomber offensive concentrated on shipping and wharves at Kiel and Hamburg. Other forces attacked enemy oil plants, goods yards, railway junctions and industrial targets. Boulogne was heavily bombed.

Coastal Command Blenheims raided Flushing and Terneuzen. Other formations bombed Lorient and Brest.

War against Italy—Reported that on night of October 13 aircraft of Fleet Air Arm successfully bombed port of Lago, Dodecanese.

R.A.F. bombers carried out further attacks on Benghazi, Bardia, Capuzzo, Derna and Tobruk.

Home Front—Many daylight attacks by enemy aircraft, mostly fighters, and air battles took place over Kent coast, Thames estuary and elsewhere. Bombs fell in S. and E. London. Confectionery factory hit.

During night raiders came over in groups and dropped oil and high explosive bombs. London school used as shelter demolished, with heavy casualties. Many other buildings in various areas hit, including block of working-class flats, hospitals and shelters.

Eighteen enemy aircraft destroyed. Britain lost 15 fighters, but pilots of nine safe.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16 *410th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty stated that German convoy of three supply ships with two escort vessels had been destroyed.

In the Air—R.A.F. carried out successful bombing operations against naval bases and docks at Kiel, where extensive fires were started, Hamburg, Bremen and Cuxhaven. Other forces attacked oil plant at Leuna, munition factories and power station in Saxony.

War against Italy—Neghelli, Abyssinia, raided by S. African Air Force, damage being done to aerodrome. During night R.A.F. attacked shipping and military targets at Benghazi and Halfaya near Sollum.

Home Front—Enemy daylight raids were slight. Bombs fell in one Scottish coastal town and at one point in West country.

Indiscriminate night bombing in London area, but less heavy than of late. Communal shelter in Liverpool suffered direct hit. Ten high-explosive bombs dropped in S.E. town; hospitals hit. Other areas attacked were in S.W. England and Wales.

Enemy lost six aircraft, Britain none.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17 *411th day*

On the Sea—British naval forces engaged four enemy destroyers at extreme range 100 miles south-west of Land's End, but they escaped in gathering darkness. No damage sustained by British ships.

British long-range guns shelled German E-boat in Straits of Dover.

Admiralty announced loss by enemy action of H.M. trawlers "Resolvo," "Listrac" and "Warwick Deeping," and H.M. drifter "Summer Rose."

Vice-Admiral J. C. Tovey appointed C.-in-C. Home Fleet in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles M. Forbes.

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft made daylight attack on power station at Brest. Owing to unfavourable weather all R.A.F. night bomber operations were cancelled.

War against Italy—S. African Air Force bombed transport concentrations at Neghelli, Abyssinia.

Home Front—Series of attacks against S.E. England made by fighters flying at great height. Large forces of our fighters engaged them and split up formations, although some penetrated to London, where few bombs fell. Others fell in Kent and damage was done to deanery and precincts at Canterbury.

During longest night raid bombs were dropped in many areas in London. Fire station annexe hit. School destroyed. Block of council flats partly demolished.

Four enemy aircraft destroyed. Britain lost three fighters.

General—Burma Road was re-opened.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18 *412th day*

On the Sea—Enemy trawler sunk by British patrol vessel off French coast.

In the Air—Bad weather hampered R.A.F. bombers, but night raids were made on shipyards at Kiel and Hamburg, aluminium works at Lunen, factory at Dortmund, wharves at Duisberg, goods yards at Schwerte, Osnabruck and Dortmund.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XXXVI

RETRIBUTION

By E. A. Gibbons-Pole

And shall he live?
Who feared to meet a worthy foe
And sought the weak to overthrow?
Who wasted, pillaged, plundered, slew,
And proved his bonded word untrue?
Whose ears were deaf and eyes were blind
To all the suffering of mankind?
Who cannot find one single friend
To name him noble in the end?

And shall his dust, beneath the sod,
Await the judgement of his God?
Nay! Let him live
And grant his span of years,
A prey to conscience and to fears,
Outrun three-score-and-ten.
Shall we forgive?
Nay! Let him live!
We are not gods—but men!

War against Italy—S. African Air Force, operating from Sudan, successfully raided Barentu aerodrome. R.A.F. bombers attacked Gura, Diredawa, Sollum, Benghazi and Dodecanese Islands. Rhodes was bombed, direct hits being obtained on aerodrome buildings.

Home Front—Small number of single aircraft dropped bombs in S.E. England and at one place in S.E. Scotland.

During night raids on London a local museum was wrecked and a school damaged.

Britain lost one fighter.

Guns in action on both sides of Straits of Dover.

General—Japanese Air Force heavily bombed key bridges on Burma Road.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19 *413th day*

In the Air—Owing to adverse weather conditions night bombing of enemy targets was on reduced scale. Attacks made on railway yards at Osnabruck and on aerodrome in N. Holland.

War against Italy—R.A.F. carried out successful operations against enemy objectives at Benghazi and Berka (Libya), Halfaya (near Sollum), Maritza (Dodecanese Is.), and Diredawa (Abyssinia).

Italian aircraft bombed Arab state of Saudi Arabia. Oil centre of Bahrein Island, Persian Gulf, attacked.

Home Front—Little enemy activity during day. Bombs fell in Kent and in Midlands.

Three main attacks during night—against London, Midlands and towns in North-west. Heavy bombs and incendiaries fell in London and suburbs. Two public shelters hit. Four hospitals badly damaged; medical school set on fire. Crowded café wrecked. Social centre settlement damaged. Hotel struck.

Boys' college in S.E. England badly damaged. In Midlands block of tall houses shattered, church and two chapels damaged. Merseyside town attacked. Working-class property demolished in S.E. coastal town.

Two enemy aircraft shot down.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20 *414th day*

On the Sea—H.M. auxiliary patrol vessel "Girl Mary" reported lost.

In the Air—R.A.F. twice raided Berlin during night. Heavy explosive and incendiary bombs were dropped and many fires caused. Other targets were naval docks at Hamburg and Wilhelmshaven, industrial works, including Krupps' at Essen, and invasion ports.

Other forces heavily attacked industrial plants at Milan, Turin and Aosta.

Admiralty announced that German seaplane base at Tromsoe had been successfully attacked by naval aircraft.

War against Italy—R.A.F. carried out successful raid on Tobruk.

Cairo bombed for first time.

Home Front—Enemy day activity mainly over S.E. England. Bombs fell in London area and in Kent and Essex. Houses on L.C.C. estate demolished. Residential area of Thames estuary town attacked. Eleven bombs caused damage in S.E. coast town.

At night raiders flew over in groups, splitting up as they neared inner zone. In London area houses and other buildings were damaged and fires started. Small Midlands town and district heavily attacked.

Seven German aircraft destroyed. Three British fighters lost, but all pilots safe.

Heavy shelling from both sides across Straits of Dover.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21 *415th day*

On the Sea—During night of Oct. 20-21 two Italian destroyers attacked British convoy in Red Sea. One, "Francesco Nullo," was chased and sunk by H.M.S. "Kimberley," which sustained slight damage. No other British vessel suffered.

R.A.F. bomber scored direct hit on enemy destroyer in Red Sea.

In the Air—R.A.F. made daylight raids on Boulogne and Gravelines. Other aircraft attacked enemy convoy off French coast, disabling one ship. Night attack on naval dockyard at Hamburg. Other targets included oil plant at Reisholz, various industrial works and Stade aerodrome.

War against Italy—R.A.F. raided working parties and motor transport between Sollum and Buq-Buq. Attacks made on Asmara and Gura (Eritrea) and Bahar Dar and Tessenei (Italian E. Africa).

Home Front—During day enemy reached London, Midlands and N.W. England. Flats and houses struck in London and outskirts; factory hit in Lancashire and damage done at points along Channel coast.

Night raiders on London mostly driven to outer areas by A.A. fire.

Heavy attack made on Merseyside. Midland town severely damaged. Other attacks made on N.E. town and urban and country districts in S.E. England.

Four enemy aircraft destroyed.

German long-range guns fired across Straits of Dover.

Purchase Tax came into operation.

Mr. Churchill broadcast to French nation.